

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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THE LOST.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

When the stars in the quiet skies are bright,
And the winds are murmuring low,
Lost voices seem to haunt the night,
And vanished forms my heart delight,
That were buried long ago.

They come to me in my lonely room,
When my heart with its grief seems breaking,
I know that they sleep in the quiet tomb,
I know that the violets over them bloom,—
But they pierce the darkness and banish the gloom,
And calm my heart's wild aching.

In the tones of old my name they speak,
And they soothe from my brow the pain;
I gaze in their eyes, so holy and meek,
I feel their soft kisses on lip and cheek—
Then the dream is fled, and all vainly I seek
To summon it back again.

EVELYN H.

JOYCE DORMER'S STORY.

BY JEAN BONCEUR.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

Doris was very silent during the evening; she curled herself up in a corner of the sofa, seemingly absorbed in a reverie that was not altogether uninteresting, if one might judge from the half smile that now and then stole over her face.

"Of what are you thinking, Doris?" asked Mr. Chester.

"I am copying Joyce, and making up a little story of my own," returned she. "You can't think how very interesting it is. And I'm a great deal farther advanced than Joyce, for I know the end of it, and I've fixed upon the title. Odin's birds have been with me for the last half hour—one upon each shoulder."

Aunt Lotty looked up.

"Birds, my dear; I do not understand."

"Only Odin's birds, Aunt Lotty, they're invisible. You know how people say to children, 'a little bird has been telling me so and so'."

"And very wrong indeed it is of people," responded Aunt Lotty. "If there's one thing more than another that I object to, it is people telling children anything that is not true—children get to know it fast enough."

"But I think," said Joyce, "that children understand it as a sort of poetic licence, and when they comprehend that it is not literally true they appreciate its figurativeness. Perhaps," she continued, turning to Mr. Chester, "the nursery saying is a corruption of Hugo and Mumlin, and so we have the old North superstition lingering among us without our being aware of it. It is curious to think how tradition and legendary lore keep an unconscious hold upon us, and how we are, as it were, but polished chips from the rough, uneven blocks of granite of the grand old times."

"Very theoretic," answered Mr. Chester, "and somewhat vague."

"Oh, Joyce always gets a little vague when she soars into the sublime," said Doris. "Who else would have thought of connecting Hugo with the modern birds of nursery celebrity? Really, Joyce, there is something quite poetic about it."

"Ah!" said Aunt Lotty, "I used to like poetry when I was young, but I don't care much about it now; I think, with the exception of Lucy—"

Here Mr. Carmichael suddenly roused himself to observe that he objected to Lucy Gray, and was tired of hearing of her. Which was doubtless the case, as he was in the habit of hearing her referred to so constantly; and Mr. Carmichael's illness having made him irritable, he enunciated the sentiment less courteously than he might otherwise have done.

Aunt Lotty was rebuked, and took to her knitting with great diligence. Joyce felt half inclined to laugh; whilst Doris went round to Aunt Lotty's side, and kissing her gently, so that Mr. Carmichael, who had relapsed into his child, might not hear, whispered:

"I like 'Lucy Gray,' Aunt Lotty; Mrs. Howell used to repeat it to me when I was a little child."

Aunt Lotty felt uncomfortable under the consolation administered, for was it not, to a certain extent, a covert act of rebellion against Mr. Carmichael? Therefore she patted Doris's head, and bade her go and sit down again. So Doris returned to her sofa corner, and again fell into reverie.

Mr. Chester did not seem inclined to talk; perhaps he had taken his cue from Doris. At least so Joyce thought, and she determined not to interfere with it; she therefore pretended to be deeply absorbed in the mystery of the embroidery frame, though she could not have told whether the thread in her needle were blue or red. They were a silent party, and the longer the silence continued, the more difficult it seemed to break it.

Joyce, despite her determination, felt that it was becoming painful, and would have given

anything to be able to frame one simple unconstrained remark; but it was hopeless, her lips were sealed. Nevertheless, she sat torturing her brain for some topic that might be acceptable to all, and, as is generally the case, the more she sought, the more unavailing was the search, and the more inappropriate the subjects that did present themselves.

Was Mr. Chester similarly occupied? She could not tell; but she glanced at him from time to time as he continued to gaze steadily into the fire. Once he looked up as she looked towards him, and their eyes met. And somehow a strange feeling stole over her, as if she were guilty of a species of treachery to Doris. She couldn't analyze it, but it rendered her more hopelessly incapable of making a speech than ever. She cast a furtive glance at Doris, but Doris was leaning back amongst the cushions with half-shut eyes, and a quiet smile upon her lips. Yes, she was perfectly happy!

Mr. Carmichael opened his eyes.

"Why does no one talk?" he asked; "I am well enough now, it does not disturb me."

He spoke in a half-querulous, half-angry tone. He did not like being looked upon as an invalid. His illness was not an agreeable idea to him, he wished to get rid of it, to shake it off.

"I think," answered Joyce, finding her voice with a great effort, "that no one has anything to say."

"That is just what I have been thinking for some time," said Aunt Lotty, merrily, "and it's very surprising, for one ought to have a great many questions to ask. I'm sure enough has happened during the last few weeks. I wonder if it did not strike me to ask Doris about the person she stayed with at Linton."

Mr. Carmichael took no notice of his wife's speech, but turned to Mr. Chester.

"When do you start for the continent?"

"Very shortly; I am going into Devonshire first with Mr. Lynn. He is anxious to visit the place where—" Mr. Chester hesitated and looked at Doris, but Doris finished the sentence for him.

"Where my mother lived for so many years, and I was added, in a lower tone, "where she died. He wishes to be alone there for a time, is not that, Gabriel?"

"I cannot tell. I am painting a picture that I wish to finish on the spot, if possible."

"On" and Mr. Carmichael moved restlessly, and then rising from his chair he went towards the fireplace; he took the poker and tried to stir the fire, but his hand trembled a good deal.

"Allow me," said Mr. Chester, and Mr. Carmichael, exhausted, receded himself.

"I'm weaker than I thought for," he muttered.

Aunt Lotty looked at him anxiously.

"You don't feel worse to-night?" she said. Joyce also looking at him was startled to perceive the change that had taken place during the last few days. She had been so much absorbed in other matters that after the first alarm of Mr. Carmichael's illness she had not watched him very observably, but now as her eyes followed Aunt Lotty's anxious gaze she noticed how much older-looking he had become, and that the lips, usually so firmly compressed, had a nervous unrest about them, and his eyes were heavy and wandering.

"I am no worse," said Mr. Carmichael, steadyng his voice; "I'm better—a great deal better. I don't know what you are thinking! Is it the way to make a man better to depress his spirits by telling him he's worse?"

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Mr. Carmichael receded himself.

"You will, of course, send it at once if it should turn up?" said he.

"Yes."

Mr. Carmichael made another great effort to speak very steadily and calmly.

"I shall be glad to see the contents of that packet, they may be valuable; though, of course, in the record left by my sister all necessary information is contained. Therefore, in one point of view, we do not suffer much from its loss."

"Certainly not; I see no need of any further evidence. The letter would of course be valuable to Doris as a remembrance of her mother, an valuable only to her."

"Yes," said Mr. Carmichael, musingly; "yes, Doris would like to have the letter, but it is doubtless lost; we must think no more about it."

And he fervently hoped and trusted that it had found its way to that mighty receptacle from whence lost articles never return.

Joyce was watching Mr. Chester attentively during the conversation, and she saw that he, too, was struck with Mr. Carmichael's eagerness about the lost packet. Once their eyes met, and she knew that he fully shared in her suspicious feelings.

Doris, too, had paused in her reverie, and was narrowly observing Mr. Carmichael. And

even guileless Aunt Lotty said in an aside to Joyce—

"I wish, dear, that that letter was either quite lost or found. Mr. Carmichael will never be him again until it's settled. Though why he should be so anxious I can't imagine; he's done everything he could, and has had a great deal of trouble, poor man."

And Aunt Lotty looked at her husband, and Joyce could see a little frightened look come into her face, for Aunt Lotty felt a presentiment of evil—a presentiment that she could not have defined, and that pointed to nothing definite, but which caused the frightened look to come into her face, and a shiver to run through her heart, when she looked at Mr. Carmichael.

But the Dormers were not a superstitious family; they were far too matter-of-fact to believe in supernatural warnings; so Aunt Lotty attributed the shiver to a draught from the door, and drawing her shawl closer round her, believed that a sharp frost was setting in.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

FROM JOYCE DORMER'S DIARY.

I was going across the hall into the little morning room, thinking I would leave the drawing-room for Doris and Mr. Chester, as they would have so much to talk about and to arrange before he went away.

"Doris is going to marry Mr. Chester," said I to myself, as my hand was on the handle of the door.

I had said it over and over many times during the last few days, as if I wished to familiarize myself with the fact, though of course I had known all along how it would be, and had always looked forward to it as the ending of my story.

Yet now that it had come to pass it somehow seemed stranger to me than I had anticipated, and it did not work quite so smoothly as I expected. Something jarred, though I could not tell what it was.

It appeared to me that Doris was very unconvincing, and Mr. Chester alone; they might have been engaged for years. Yet this was perhaps natural, since they must have had it in constant anticipation. And still repeating the words, I opened the door of the morning room. There was no one there, for Aunt Lotty was sitting upstairs with Mr. Carmichael, who was not quite so well to-day.

I was glad to be alone—I could do a little quiet reading; and I took up a book and drew a chair close to the fire. I turned over the pages, but found that I could not fix my attention; my thoughts strayed far enough away, and my eyes wandered to the bright fire that was leaping and flashing in the grate, and I began to trace pictures in the embers, and the flames sparkled up and flickered and nodded at me, until it seemed as though I were holding a conversation with them.

What a companion a fire is! A living, moving, restless element. If I had been a heathen, I think I should have been a fire-worshipper. Yet, what a companion, as it burns so cheerfully in the long winter evenings, when one closes the shutters and draws the curtains and shuts out the cold dark night and the howling tempest; while the wind goes whistling round the house, and the storm-blast answers it, and a chorus of wild spirit-wraiths shriek to one another, and one listens and listens to the weird-like strife. Often and often have I half fancied that they were lost spirits wailing frantically in their mad despair, lost! lost! lost! The deep boar's groan answering the shrill piercing cry or the plaintive moaning sob, whilst now and then is heard a shriek like to a burst of unearthly mocking laughter, as if the arch-fiend were triumphing amidst his fallen angels. Many and many a night have I listened, until I believed that I heard the voices speaking to one another, only my earthly ears were not sensitive enough to catch their words.

Thus I went on dreaming as I looked into the fire, and then leaning back I drove those thoughts away, and other thoughts came in their place, and prompted me to take inquisitive proceedings with myself, and to examine into my innocent heart. And the first question I asked was this:

"Self, art thou glad or sorry that this engagement has come to pass?" And I was going to answer "glad," but that just then conscience gave so sharp a prick that it startled me, and whilst I was thus waiting, conscience followed up its advantage and whispered: "The truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth!" And I could make no reply, for, in spite of my brave assertion, I still felt the dull gnawing pain, and I knew I could not be quite glad, however much I might have to do so, until that was gone. So I fenced the question: "I do not envy Doris's happiness; I am glad that she is happy."

"But how about thyself? Is there no wish in thine heart that it might have been other wise?"

"None. Oh, what am I saying! Let me at least be truthful to myself. The world cannot hear—what matters it? Ah! well, I will confess myself no longer."

And then I thought of good George Herbert's advice, and what a pity men did not follow it. Truly, if we made a daily examination of our hearts, and kept better accounts with

ourselves, there would not be so heavy a balance against us when we come to add up the final sum.

Therefore I went to work honestly once more, and confessed to myself that I could not quite get rid of the pain, but that still I was glad that Doris and Mr. Chester were happy, and that whatever might be the opportunity, nothing would induce me to lift a finger to mar their happiness. But I was not quite happy myself. This was mortifying, for in my story I had been indulging in an imaginative picture of the transcendental frame of mind in which I should find myself, but which was the consummation of all my trouble, poor man."

And Aunt Lotty looked at her husband, and Joyce could see a little frightened look come into her face, for Aunt Lotty felt a presentiment of evil—a presentiment that she could not have defined, and that pointed to nothing definite, but which caused the frightened look to come into her face, and a shiver to run through her heart, when she looked at Mr. Carmichael.

But I left short of this beautiful transcendentalism when I came face to face with the reality, and I discovered that I, Joyce Dormer, was but a poor earth-worm after all, it writhed and twisted like other earth-worms when trodden upon.

Then I consoled myself. So it is with all. However mighty are our aspirations—however exalted our frame in occasional rapt moments—there is a stern reality in life and its belongings that crushes down this loftiness of spirit, and humility alone are we permitted to rise. As I reached this point, the door opened, and Mr. Chester and Doris appeared.

"I have been wondering where you were hiding," said Doris, as I bent over the book. She placed her hand upon it to take it away, and as she did so she laughed.

"All a pretence, Joyce, this being so stupidly inclined; for see, the book is upside down!"

And so it was, and I had never known it; and I felt the blood rushing into my face, and I could not look up at first, and when I did I met Mr. Chester's eyes fixed upon me; and again the odd uncomfortable feeling of treachery to Doris came over me.

"Gabriel is going away this afternoon," said she.

"So soon?" I answered in surprise, for I thought he would have stayed at Caythorpe for a few days longer. I did not think that the "very soon" would be accomplished so literally.

"The sooner I depart, the sooner I can return," said Mr. Chester.

"And you will be anxious to do so now on Doris's account."

And Doris having vanished, I decided that this was a good time for offering the congratulations to Mr. Chester, which hitherto I had had no opportunity of doing; so I continued,—

"I am glad to be able to offer my best wishes for your happiness, Mr. Chester."

"Thank you," returned Mr. Chester, shortly.

"Doris is very amiable," said I, "every one must love her. I will take good care of her whilst you are away; though that is scarcely now that her father is restored to her."

"I don't know, Miss Dormer; she seems to cling more to you than to any one."

"That is strange!" said I.

"No, it is not," she answered somewhat abructly.

I was a little surprised, and perhaps I showed it, for Mr. Chester said more gently,—

"You forgot your resemblance to her mother, Mr. Lynn also was struck with it."

"Yes, I had forgotten that."

"Miss Dormer," said Mr. Chester, hesitatingly, "I should like to feel before I go away that there is no unfriendliness between us."

"There is none," I answered warmly; "I shall ever look upon you and Doris as my nearest and best friends. If there had been any doubt, it would have been on my side; I must have seemed so strange, so unconvincing sometimes

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and his family were not cared for so well as they might have been.

The house itself partook of the general look of dilapidation: the shutters hung loosely on their hinges, the windows were patched in many places with brown paper, and the large low rooms were very scantily furnished. There was in the farm kitchen a strong-armed, rosy-cheeked country girl, who was the only house servant. A frail, delicate woman occasionally helped her, and employed the rest of her time in sewing, and in taking care of two boys who played about, heedless of poverty and sorrow, though poverty and sorrow were around them.

This frail, delicate woman was the mistress. An old man lived in one of the out-houses, and did the whole of what farm work there was to do. He was assisted in his labors by a tall, bent man, who rose early in the mornings, and worked through the day as well as his waning strength and worn-out spirit would allow him.

This was the master, Thomas Carmichael—Hugh Carmichael's father. He had been getting poorer and poorer for many years. At first he had lived somewhat extravagantly, and had been too speculative and experimental, and now people said he understood nothing of farming, and would never make it pay, and that he had better give up the farm and take to something else; but Thomas Carmichael had not energy enough for this, besides his heart clave to the old homestead, and he could not bear to leave it.

He struggled on; and, as time flew by on rapid wing, the pale, delicate woman grew thinner and paler, and the tall man stooped more than ever. The old serving man died, and his place was not supplied. Mr. Carmichael could not afford to pay for labor, and now that the lads were growing up they must do the work. So the lads worked and idled about the farm, which prospered neither better nor worse than it had done in former days.

There was an addition to the family within the last four or five years, a little blue-eyed girl, who was playing on the hearth-rug in front of the kitchen fire, for the kitchen was now the keeping room, since the furniture in the sitting-rooms had disappeared, and there was no rosy servant girl to feel that her dominions were invaded by the presence of the family.

One winter night the family had drawn close round the fire; the cold was intense, and the wind whistled round the house and shrieked fitfully in the wide chimney that one source of heat to a human being wandering abroad on such a night.

And yet how many homeless wreaths are abroad on nights like this, and how seldom do those whose heads are pillow'd on downy couches give one thought to them as they lie listening to the storm! How few thank heaven for the shelter they enjoy, whilst others shiver beneath the open sky, or lie down to die worn out with misery and wreathfulness!

The Carmichaels huddled closer round the fire; their garments were somewhat threadbare, and not altogether suitable for such weather. Still there were others worse off than themselves, though it is doubtful whether they thought of this, or whether, if they had done so, it would have added to their warmth and comfort.

There came a feeble tap at the door, and one of the youths rose up to open it. A little boy was there, not more than eight years old. The mistress was surprised; she put down her sewing, and drew the shivering child towards the fire.

"What do you want, Johnny?" said she; "it's late for you to be out on such a night as this. Did your mother send you?"

The child thus appealed to began to cry, very quietly at first, as children do, when they are frightened, but at length his sobs became uncontrollable, and he could do nothing but hide his face on the mistress's shoulder. She quietly let him weep out his fright and sorrow, and then she asked him again, "What is the matter, Johnny?"

And Johnny, half inclined to burst out afresh, restrained himself. "Mother cannot speak; she is quite cold, and she does not move, and I was frightened, so I came to fetch you."

The mistress looked at her husband. "Will you go, and I'll keep Johnny here?"

And Thomas Carmichael and his elder son went to the widow's cottage, and found, as they expected, that Johnny's mother was dead.

"We can't turn the child adrift," said the mistress, "he's no friend, that I ever heard of."

And so John Gresford stared at the farmhouse. The younger lad, Charles, was bold enough to him, but Hugh, the elder, disliked him from the first, and taking advantage of the boy's dependent position, tyrannized over him.

Here Mr. Carmichael moved restlessly amidst his cushions and Aunt Lotty approached to see if he wanted anything.

"No."

So Aunt Lotty went on with her knitting, and Mr. Carmichael listened again to the voice that still went on speaking.

It is not pleasant to remember quarrels and difficulties in which one has always been on the wrong side. Mr. Carmichael felt this, but he did not feel willing to acknowledge it. He tried to wrap his robe of self-exoneration tightly round him, but somehow it was too scanty, and, try as he would, he could not get it to meet.

"The lad was always in my way," he muttered to himself; "he always has been—is now." And Mr. Carmichael groaned.

"Oh, dear!" said Aunt Lotty, "I do wish you would not worry yourself over that latter. No one cares about it; you've done all that mortal man could do to get home her rights, and you're not to blame if it's lost."

Mr. Carmichael clutched the counterpane, a spasm passed over his face, he spoke thickly and hurriedly.

I wish you would mind your own affairs who thinks I care about the letter, I should like to know? What does it matter to me? What makes you talk about it?"

Aunt Lotty was frightened by his manner.

"Does any one say I care about it?" he demanded.

"No, not any one," replied Aunt Lotty.

"Of course not, why should they?" asked Mr. Carmichael.

"I don't know, but no one does. No one ever said anything to me about it."

"Then never mention it to me again."

And Aunt Lotty relapsed into silence.

Mr. Carmichael passed over many years in his meditations, and paused at the last episode in his North of England reminiscences. The tall bent man was in his grave. John Gresford and Charles Carmichael had been in Australia for nearly two years, and Hugh and his mother and Nelly were at the farm.

"It's of no use," said he, "there's not capi-

tal enough to keep it on; the farm must be sold, and I'll go and join Charley."

"Sell the old place, Hugh?" answered his mother; "it's been a very long time in the family."

"And much good it has done them of late years. We managed to starve upon it during my father's lifetime, but now I'll have done with it; I want to live. You and Nelly may stay if you like, but I've made up my mind to go. James Withers has written and offered me a place there."

"John Gresford's uncle might help you," said Mrs. Carmichael, musing.

"He's not helped John much, for he's roughing it pretty well out there. Neither he nor Charley has had much luck at present. Besides I don't want to be patronized by a Gresford," he added somewhat sulkily.

"But it would be no patronage, only paying back what we've done for the lad."

"Yes, they let him lie on our hands long enough," he muttered.

"And what harm did it do us, Hugh?" broke in Nelly, a tall fair-haired girl of eighteen; "he earned every bit of bread he ate upon the farm, and you didn't sweeten it to him. Why had he hated him so I never could tell."

"That's neither here nor there," retorted her brother, "because your eyes were blinded mine were not. If it's true that some of his people are as well off as it is said, they might have found him out, and have taken to him long ago, that's all I say. I know nothing of them; and as to being indebted to any one of the name of Gresford, I never will be. You and Nelly can stay on the farm, mother, till I am settled, and then I'll send for you."

Nelly tossed her head.

"I know what you mean," said he; "but if you ever marry John Gresford, I shall look upon you as no sister of mine."

"I shall marry John Gresford," returned the girl, quietly; "it's a promise, and nothing on earth will induce me to break it."

"And when is the marriage to take place?" asked Hugh Carmichael, sneering.

"As soon as he has made money enough to marry upon," she returned steadily.

"It is so," replied her brother, "the choice lies between your brother and your lover. You must give up one or the other. I hate him! he's a mean-spirited—"

"Hugh!" exclaimed Nelly, springing up and placing her hand on his mouth; "you shan't speak ill of him; it's enough that you've hated him; it's enough that I've treated him whilst he was here, for no earthly reason except that he was better than you are. But you shan't speak against him now that he's far away; and for ought we know," she continued sadly, "for ought we know, may be living dead at the present moment!"

"A good thing if he were," said Hugh Carmichael, bitterly; "and as many an idle word comes true, and it may be as you say, I'll not speak ill of the dead; but you shall choose to-day between him and me which you will give up."

"Hugh, you are so unreasonable—so hard," pleaded the girl, her sudden passion leaving her; "why need I give up either? Why cannot you forget everyone, and let us live peacefully one with another?"

But Hugh Carmichael was implacable.

"No!" said he; "you must choose between us."

"I cannot give up John," said Ellen Carmichael.

And there it ended; and Hugh Carmichael went abroad, and never saw his sister again until he lay upon her death bed.

Mrs. Carmichael did not live long after her son's departure, and after her death the farm was sold, and Nelly went to live with some friends of her father's.

Hugh Carmichael and John Gresford met in Australia. And the incident recalled by James Withers rose vividly to Mr. Carmichael's memory, together with many other incidents that he would have preferred to forget; incidents that had not softened the enmity that was in his heart, but rather tended to increase it, and the help that he was more than once necessitated to receive, and which the younger man, for Ellen's sake and out of gratitude to the family, was to speak of.

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Before the time came for voting upon the article, it was seen that the excitement was so great that its rejection would probably lead to a revolution, and the expulsion of both President and Congress. The article, therefore, was allowed to pass by a small majority, forty-three voting in favor of it, and forty against. Several of the majority, however, explicitly declared, while voting for intolerance, that they did so only to preserve the public peace, and that they were really in favor of toleration. A recent rally in the interior of the country, which has not yet been suppressed, was the immediate cause of this timidity.

In curious connection with this subject, an English newspaper gives the following, in a report of a recent speech by the Earl of Shaftesbury at an Anti-Ritualist meeting:—"The women were the cause of the whole of the mischief of Ritualism—(a statement which was received with loud and prolonged cheering). But for them, his lordship said, the Ritualist would never get access to the houses of the people, there to drop the first word of mischief into the ears of the thoughtless and the young. Without the women, they would make no progress at all. If they were driven to accept something—if they must make a concession in a Romantistic sense, let them make it with this condition, that every confessor should be a woman, and when that becomes a law of the Church, there would at once be an end of the confessional."

SWINGING AS A REMEDY.—Dr. Brown Sedgwick, an eminent physiologist and physician to one of the Parisian hospitals, recommends the use of the swing as a preventive of nervous attacks, which recur periodically. In certain cases of hysteria and epilepsy he has prevented the coming on of the fit by swinging his patient in violent swings at the first indication of its approach. This would seem to be on the famous homœopathic principle, that what causes will cure.

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

South American Civilization.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY COSMO.ICAN PERUVIANS—INDUSTRIAL CHARACTERISTICS
—PRODUCTION AND MANUFACTURES—YACCO
PLANT—LA TORRACE—A BULL HUNT—EX-
CITING SCENES.

There is more of mixed blood, though by no means so many grades of mix as are presented farther north, among the modern Peruvians inhabiting that portion of the country comprised within the parallels of thirteen and sixteen south latitude, and bounded by the Pacific on the southwest and the base of the Andes eastwardly than anywhere else in Peru. The general direction of grade is changed, too, for while elsewhere throughout the country it is popularly the Peruvian grafted upon Spanish stock, here it is an infusion of Castilian blood into the race of the ancient Incas. A decided improvement upon the dominant rule, for in all time since the conquest there have been no better South Americans anywhere than the Peruvians living within these limits.

While an arbitrary rule throughout Spanish America the mingling of Spanish blood with that of the natives has had a demoralizing effect, giving all the vices of the Caucasian conquerors to the native American, without one of its attendant virtues, making the savage more utterly a barbarian, here we find few of the objectionable characteristics of either race. The Incas, as the people of this district are called, are almost universally temperate, cleanly in all their habits, frugal, industrious, enterprising, and proverbially hospitable and friendly to strangers, rarely exhibiting a trace of the indolent indifference to labor, beastly filthiness and moral degradation, or anything of the subtle treachery that characterizes the modern South Americans of both races.

The Incas generally, having lost the traditions and idolatry of their Qeche ancestors, and persistently declined to accept Christianity, are a community of civilized barbarians, without the religion of civilization, and at the same time exempt from—not the vices of religion—but of popular civilization. Though industry is universal among them, the cultivation of the soil being more general than in any other region of the entire Pacific slope, and a great variety of manufactures are carried on, the modern arts and sciences are as yet unknown. Cultivating the soil is the main occupation of the majority of the population, and as a general rule agricultural industry is largely rewarded. All the tropical fruits and roots, such as sweet potatoes, yams, yuccas, the *Tulsi*, &c., grow in perfection and yield enormously, while corn, rice and tobacco are largely produced, as well as considerable cotton, cocoa, coffee and cane, a large amount of very fair sugar being manufactured from the latter. As the entire district lies within the great rainless region of the Pacific slope, copious dews and irrigation supply the place of rain and afford abundant fertility.

The manufactures are various, consisting of pottery and earthen wares, all rude and primitive in fashion, but durable, and answering in variety to every Peruvian want, from the great twelve gallon water jar, through all forms of household utensils, down to the coffee cup and earthen party plate. A great many grass or Panama hats, and pretty, perishable grass hammocks, are also manufactured by women and girls, mostly in the small towns along the coast. Weaving is one of the occupations of almost every household, making of the cotton and other fibrous material of the region, strong, lasting, and in some instances fine and really pretty fabrics. But as no weaving, even on a primitive Peruvian loom, can be achieved without a preliminary preparation of the fibre, spinning is another universal branch of industry, an art at which almost every Indian woman, señorita, and frequently little girls, are astonishingly expert.

A large majority of all fruits, grains and manufactured material not required for home consumption is sent to Lima and Callao, though the coast towns and several considerable interior villages make markets for much of the produce of the territory. As we found very few instances in which individuals, families and communities were not in some way producers largely in excess of consumption, of course incomes exceeded expenses in the same ratio; and as simple frugality is a prominent characteristic of the people universally, wealth, comfort and independence are everywhere the rule. Indeed it is a proverb among them that "Beggars cannot breathe in Icaia."

Recent notices in several of our prominent public journals of a late discovery in Peru of a new plant affording a valuable textile material, reminds me that the plant noticed is probably an old one—old as Peru itself. If identical with that recently brought to the notice of our Agricultural Department by our official representative in Peru, we saw the plant common enough in northern Chile, all through Bolivia, and in the Andean regions of Peru, but only as common as the common *milli-wed* in the United States, and as little utilized. The Indians call the plant *Yacco*, the Spaniards *Pasacara*. As for its botanical baptism, I am not aware that it has ever had one.

As we journeyed westward from Ayacucho, we found the *Yacco* more plentiful and of a much larger growth than we had before seen it, and among the Incas we saw many weavers employing the soft, white, silvery fibre, mixed with either lamb's wool, the soft, silky hair of the *vicuna*, brought from the interior, and more frequently with the finest of their native cotton, in the manufacture of their delicate woven fabrics, some of which are gauze-like and very beautiful. But the testimony of these Peruvian experts went to confirm our own opinion of the quality of the material, after careful examination, and submitting it to such tests as were deemed conclusive. The fibre is very fine, white, soft and silky, and of a length equalling that of our best Sea Island cotton; but too flat, thin and fragile to spin without great difficulty—incapable of making a strong, lasting fabric.

The plant itself resembles most the wild Indian hemp common in the United States, only it grows much larger in this lowland region of Peru, bearing a similar pod, in length from three to five inches, the lint covering a central cone-shaped core, on which the small, flat seeds, brownish red in color, lie closely overlapping each other, like scales on a fish. When ripe, the lint readily脱下 from the core without detaching or disturbing the seeds. The plant bears profusely, and in full bloom, present a very pretty appearance, being in shape like the ladies' slipper, and greatly variegated.

From the description recently given of the

new Peruvian textile plant, I am inclined to believe that there has been a late discovery of the old *Yacco*, known and a little utilized in Peru in the days of the Incas. On the Island of Puna, and in many places along the low shores of the gulf and river of Guayaquil, the plant grows abundantly as a perennial, spreading up among the jungle vines into a tall, slender shrub. The mile which when punctured it exudes in large quantities, is gathered by the natives and dried carefully in the shade, forming a dark brown mass, possessing narcotic properties, and held in high repute for some supposed medicinal virtues, not yet discovered by civilized medical science.

There is one virtue of the *Yacco*, however, which we learned in Chile and thoroughly tested upon numberless occasions, and which would itself make the plant an invaluable acquisition in the United States and well worthy of cultivation every where throughout the country, provided it would grow, which I think very doubtful. The green plants introduced into a room warming with flies will route and cause a rapid retreat of every buzzing insect in an incredibly brief space of time, and the milk rubbed over the skin affords perfect immunity from the attacks of gnats, mosquitoes, ticks, bugs, and every species of insect and reptile pest inhospitable to man that always so abound in the tropics.

There was nothing to hurry us forward. It would be four weeks before we might look for the arrival of the *Esmeralda*, and four weeks pent up in the dull, sleepy little sea-side city of Ica would be a tedious drag to us, so long accustomed to the saddle, *campo* and free field and forest life. The universal friendliness and hospitality of the Incas, and the diversified beauty of the country, invited a lingering progress and more familiar acquaintance, and so it was decided to make a devious march at our leisure, instead of pushing forward by a right line to the coast. We were amply repaid, and our time profitably spent in the main, though there were occasions on which our pastime had in it more of pleasure than profit. One of these was a bull hunt, in which we participated one day, after having reached the more densely populated portion of the country.

Peruvians, as a very large majority of the people were in all their customs and character, they held in utter contempt those of the Spaniards, and in their work, play, or pastime, would do nothing as they did. In the matter of the bovine tournament we were delighted that they did not copy the brutal practices of the Spaniards; for in all countries where it is practiced, the Spanish bull-fight is a disgusting spectacle, exhibiting in its true character the worse than savage ferocity and bloodthirsty barbarity of the race. We had seen bullfights until we had sickened of them. A bull-hunt we had never even heard of. There would be a new novelty for our entertainment. Beside, there was in the very name something so like a buffalo-hunt, which we nearly all knew some thing about by reading, and three of us much more by actual experience, that the very mention of a bull-hunt, though we had no more idea of how it was to be conducted than we had of how the political fight for the Peruvian presidency would terminate, nevertheless had a sound of legitimate sport in it, and we were all on the qui vive for the chase.

The locality of the fete was the pretty little village of La Torraca, containing perhaps seven hundred inhabitants, but occupying an area sufficient for a city of seventy thousand, spread out in a lovely valley, on both sides of a beautiful little river of the same name as the town. The hunt was not inaugurated on our accounts but happening to arrive at the village on the evening before it was to take place, we received an invitation to participate in it, and such instructions as enabled us to understand tolerable clearly the nature of the play and our own parts in it.

There were in all twenty big bulls, all ferocious, formidable old forest and field rangers, who had been for two weeks *corralled*, or penned up, and baited and teased daily by *torradores* and small dogs trained to the work, until the bovine brutes were as vicious and wickedly disposed as bulls could be. As it was understood that there was to be no killing done except in decided cases of self-defence, our riders were dispensed with, and at about eleven o'clock A. M. we rode to the "meet" in a sort of public plaza, but more of an orange and banana grove in the centre of the city, where we found already assembled about seventy cavaliers and nearly as many señoritas, most of them superbly mounted, and all equipped like ourselves with lances and lances, lacking, however, our convenient six-shooters.

The bulls had been liberated at daylight, and driven by a rabble of men, boys, and dogs across the river and up into a wooded serra, or more properly a rather rough round hill, situated some three miles south-west from the outskirts of the town. Crossing the stream, which flowed in a gentle current above our saddle girths, we rode forward in mixed up multitude, until within half a mile of the base of the hill, when under the direction of Don Raphael Ortega, a handsome, cavalierly middle-aged man, who had been elected master of the hunt, we separated into two divisions as nearly equal as possible without telling off by count, several of us legitimate partisans being separated in the bustle and confusion. Then the order was, to ascend the rising ground to the right and left of a dense wood in which the bulls had gone to cover, a portion of each party to flank the position, the remainder riding around and meeting in the rear, leaving the front unguarded, with the intention of forcing the animals out in that direction, and making the "drive" towards the town.

We got into position about half past twelve, and having the signal from Don Raphael, the bugles sounded along the line, and simultaneously we drove into the cover, passing the cordon of "whippers-in," men and dogs, who had taken position just within the borders of the wood.

Then for the space of three-quarters of an hour there was music of dogs and horns, and mad bellowing of furious bulls, with plunging, surging, crashing, charging, and rapid retreat; roar and ringing whoops, escapes and encounters, and thundering tramp of mad bulls and many horses, that made the ground vibrate with successive shocks. There were several sharp hand-to-hand engagements, a great deal of dexterity displayed in eluding the mad onslaughts of the infuriated brute, badgered by trained dogs, and continually harried by the expert *torradores*. But fortunately no one was quite unseated, and no serious damage done on either side.

Suddenly the wild whirlwind changed to a hurricane stampede. Some one, or several it might have been, having headed the big bull of the herd towards the town, he discovering that

the way was clear, set up an unearthly roar, which was echoed by his companions, who seemed to comprehend the call of their leader, and instantly all heads and horns were turned in that direction. Then there followed a picture, rapidly changing in its features, than which no buffalo-hunt, whale hunting, or episode of battle was ever more exciting. As many men and women as there were bulls had in the first rush got mixed in among them, and away went horses, *caballeros*, bovines, and bright-eyed señoritas, in a literal tornado of brute and humanity, yelling, whooping, barking, and bellowing, tearing and plunging headlong down the broken, brush-tangled slope—every dog of both parties—hounds, harriers, curs, mastiffs, bulldogs, and retrievers, mingling in the wild melee, and adding yelp and howl, shriek and savage bark to the din, masking pandemonium perfect.

In the first division of the party I had lost Madam Commo, and through all the surging charges in the wood had nowhere caught a glimpse of her; but ten minutes after we were all going helter skelter down the hill-side I saw her and Monteiro riding stirrup and stirrup in the centre of the flying furious animals, while just in front of them, flanking the big bull on either side and leading the whirlwind stampede, rode Juanita D. Alva and Dr. Bond, and a few yards to the left were Senora Arline Easing and our botanical bug hunter, while Shieko, our black Brazilian giant, superbly mounted, was bravely battling with the mad bulls, and dashing hither and thither, offering aid and comfort to the three ladies and their companions, who were swept onward with the moving mass like thistle down twirled away before the sweeping thunder gust. The excited bulls were as fleet of foot as our horses, and to get to the front so as to afford assistance to our companions was an utter impossibility.

And so the surging tide swept on down the slope, the utmost we could do—the best mount among us was to gather a little on the flanks of the flying herd and distract somewhat of their attention from our friends in the centre. Here and there a savage brute pressing too closely some one of our party rolled over on his back, floundering and strangling in the noose of the unerring lasso—two or three went down by thrust of lance, and Von Piatti put a final period to the career of one huge old fellow, who had made a desperate lunge at him, by driving every lead drop of his six-shooter into his head at three yards range.

Within a lasso's length of the stream, Big Bull turned like lightning, presented horns and made a dash at Dona Juanita. In a dash Dr. Bond's lasso fell *rip* over the monster's head, tightening about his throat, and checked his charge, bringing him to his knees. The next instant the vast brute snapped the supple cord, and with a roar of rage turned upon the doctor. As quick as thought Juanita drove her lance into the old fellow's shoulder, and in a wince he turned upon her again. Shieko let fly his lasso and drew it tight about the bull's throat in the very nick of time to save Dona Juanita. Fidelia, a beautiful bull terrier belonging to Arline Easing, leaped into the air and fastened her teeth in the ear of the bull's nose so firmly that his utmost efforts failed to break her grip.

There were then the big bull, Juanita, the doctor, Shieko, Fidelia, and the three horses all in an inextricable tangle, close to the bank, and just then, down upon them came Monteiro and Minnie, Arline and our bug-hunter, four or five furious bulls, and a score of dogs, and away they all went—horses and humanity, bulls and baying dogs, over the bank—*sousse*—splash, down into the stream, at this point some four feet deep. Several of the bovine brutes turned over head, dogs fell under and on top of horses and bulls, all the riders except Dona Juanita were unhooked and sent slithering and bawling about in the water like so many men and maid-s.

Thirty or more of us dashed down into the river to the rescue, three-quarters of us unhooked by breaking of saddle girths or tearing someraults, and for some twenty minutes there was such old revel and aquatic fun as the quiet little Texas emblem had probably never witnessed before. Gradually we disengaged ourselves and came up out of the water without serious damage to any one; and thus terminated the hunt, the fury of the bulls and dogs, and our own ambitious ardor having been effectually cooled by the involuntary immersion.

M. Dumas, Pere, and Miss Menken.

The Paris correspondent of the London Herald writes, under date of April 27:—For some time past the photographic shops in Paris have attracted considerable attention from the exposure of a photograph representing Miss Menken, the American actress, whose performance in London of "*Macbeth*" made a certain sensation, sitting on the knee of M. Dumas, Sen., in a position by no means graceful. This has led to a great deal of whispering in theatrical and literary circles, and innocent people went so far as to rumor a marriage. M. Dumas having allowed all Paris the opportunity to purchase this "work of art," and being somewhat disappointed at the uncomplimentary manner with which it had been received by the public, now wished to put a stop to the sale of the objectionable photograph.

For that purpose he summoned L. Luber, the photographer, before the Tribunal, and the case was discussed to-day. The plaintiff's plea was that the photograph had been taken privately, "with his family," and that it was never intended for publication, for which the necessary authorization of M. Dumas had neither been asked nor given. The defendant said it was the custom of the trade to publish these "freaks and foibles" of the professional world, and being somewhat disappointed at the uncomplimentary manner with which it had been received by the public, now wished to put a stop to the sale of the objectionable photograph.

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The Social Life of Southern Ohio.
The May number of the Christian Examiner has an article on "Western Emigration and Western Character," from which we extract a few remarks about some of the social characteristics of the region of which Cincinnati and St. Louis are the representative cities. The writer, Rev. A. D. Mayo, says:

"But in social life—as far as relates to the pleasant intercourse of families, neighbors and friends, and the whole region of social amusement, general mingling of acquaintances, and an open-armed, affectionate hospitality to strangers, this district is a charming contrast to the radical North. There is a far greater portion of life given to making life agreeable than among the more intense peoples along the Lake shores. Wealth pours out in unstinted measures for personal indulgence, expensive and luxurious living, and foreign travel. As long as man desires to live for the sake of genial 'good time,' these cities and villages, like Philadelphia, which they greatly resemble, are the most charming places in the West. The country, too, is far more attractive, and the climate more agreeable, than farther north.

"But, so far, the most refined social life here runs in the aristocratic channels worn by the southern leaders of society. The South gave the social law to Cincinnati, Louisville, St. Louis, and the valley of the Ohio. Almost every wealthy family has a southern wing; and, before the slave states plunged into rebellion, this region was a social suburb of the South. The law of southern society is the exaltation of a family of permanent power, with no care for the corresponding elevation of the people. To build up a great family, connect it with other old and powerful families, educate the children abroad, and select its society from the aristocracy of the whole land, is its ideal of social life. All public spirit is subordinate to family aggrandizement; and, while men of vast wealth and high culture are spending fabulous sums on their family estates and foreign travels, great public institutions languish. With greater established wealth, social refinement, and expensive living than any Western city; with numbers of its rich citizens dwelling and travelling most expensively abroad—Cincinnati has no large public library, no permanent gallery of art, no respectable theatre, no safe, large hall for music or popular entertainments, no association with pluck to sustain a course of scientific or popular lectures, no literary periodical, and no concentration of its able and educated people to do any good thing. All good and great plans finally near the rim of this maelstrom of a luxurious sentimental life, and go down into the paradise of Catawba and oysters.

"Out of this region has come, however, a large proportion of the eminent statesmen, jurists, and commanders of the West. Grant, Sherman, and Sheridan, and Ogleby, Morencans, and Barnside, and their brilliant crowd of companions in glorious deeds; the Ewings, and Shermans, Corwin, Stanton, Chase, Morton, Lincoln, Speed, Benton—are by birth or education the growth of this region. With the exception of Cass and Douglas, both New England men, no man of large proportions has yet got into national politics from the Northwest. And while in war the bravery of its soldiers was eminent, neither the North-West nor Western New York produced a first-class general, save McPherson. The North-West swarms with acute lawyers, shrewd politicians, and able, agitating, radical statesmen of secondary calibre; but, somehow, the slower, less exciting society of our central region seems better adapted to the growth of those massive men who can calmly comprehend great interests of state, and put forth tremendous energies in organizing and leading men."

Why Texas is Called the "Lone Star."

The *Lavaca* Commercial, being asked by a correspondent why Texas should have for her seal a five pointed star, and as to the origin of the motto, "Lone Star," replies as follows:—"In 1845 the writer hereof met at the house of Mr. F. P. Dyer, in Bailey's Prairie, Brazoria county, old Governor Smith. Mr. Smith was provisional Governor of the embryo Republic, or State, or Territory, of Texas. In conversation about the Texas emblem, the five pointed star, he gave us his Texas origin. He stated that while acting as Provisional, it became necessary to send some official document to New Orleans. The gentleman who was to take the document insisted that it should have some kind of seal. The provisional government had adopted none. Just then some one observed a five pointed brass button on the waist of the old overcoat. It was cut off instanter and used as a State Seal. Arrived in New Orleans, the newspaper reporter, seeing the impression of the five pointed brass button on the wax, made it an emblem for the Lone Star Republic."

■ ■ ■ The Supreme Court of Louisiana has decided that no recourse can be had for notes given for the purchase of slaves; also that no recovery can be had on notes based on Con federate money.

In the Paris Exposition, at an English jeweller's stall, are some diamonds so finely cut that by mere pressure the air is excluded from the surface of the stones in contact with the glass, and in this way they adhere to the under side of the glass in the show case, although they seem to be lying outside. A woman who thought they were scattered loosely on the surface, recently tried to steal them by throwing her pocket handkerchief over them carelessly, while she was apparently looking at something else. Those who noticed her were amazed by her surprise and chagrin when she found that the diamonds were not to be swept off.

■ ■ ■ The death of the old horse Henry Clay, who in his time has been one of the greatest celebrities, and who was believed to be the oldest living stallion, occurred in Seneca county, New York, April 22. The age of this horse is announced at 43 years and 7 months—certainly a surprising age for a horse to attain.

■ ■ ■ The President of the United States on Wednesday took a walk in the streets of Washington, unaccompanied by a guard. Early in Mr. Lincoln's administration guards were placed around the President whenever he ventured out into the street, and that custom has continued until now.

■ ■ ■ A Mr. Wood has hanged himself in Fairfield, Connecticut, because of his wife's death.

■ ■ ■ The editor of the New York Independent says it is of a "preponderating majority" of his subscribers: "They are in the prime of life. Their brows yet glister with the dew of their youth. They are kings of men—pillars of the church—apostles of the age."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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The contents of *This Post* shall consist, as heretofore, of the very best original and selected matter that can be procured—

STORIES, SKETCHES, ESSAYS,

ANECDOTES, AGRICULTURAL ARTICLES, RECEIPTS, NEWS, LETTERS, from the best native and foreign sources, &c., &c., &c.

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This Post is exclusively devoted to Literature, and therefore does not discuss political or sectarian questions. It is a common ground, where all can meet in harmony, without regard to their views upon the points of sectarian questions of the day.

TERMS.

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WHOM FIRST WE LOVE.

BY MRS. JULIA WARD HOWE.

Whom first we love, you know, we seldom wed;
Time rules us all. And life, indeed, is not
The thing we planned it out ere hope was dead;

And then we women cannot choose our lot.

Much must be borne which it is hard to bear,
Much given away which it were sweet to keep.
God help us all! who need, indeed, His care;
And yet I know the Shepherd loves His sheep.

My little boy begins to hobble now,
Upon my knee his earliest infant prayer,
He has his father's eager eyes, I know;

And, they say, too, the mother's sunny hair.

But when he sleeps and smiles upon my knee,
And I can feel his light breath come and go,
I think of love—Heaven help and pity me!

I think of love, and whom I loved, long ago.
Who might have been—ah, what I dare not think!

We are all changed. God judges for us best,
God helps us to do our duty, and not shrink,
And trust in Heaven humbly for the rest.

But blame us women not, if some appear
Too cold at times, and some too gay and light;
Some griefs gnaw deep; some woes are hard to bear.

Who knows the past? And who can judge us right?

All, were we judged by what we might have been;

And not by what we are—too apt to fail!

My little child—he sleeps and smiles between
These thoughts and me. In Heaven we shall know all.

The Largest Described Snake.

Mr. Speke, in his work on the discovery of the sources of the Nile, thus describes the death of a snake of the *bos* species shot by his travelling companion, Captain Grant: "I shuddered as I looked upon the effects of his tremendous driving strength. For yards around where he lay, grass, and bushes, and saplings, and in fact everything except the more fully grown trees, were cut clean off, as though they had been trimmed with an immense scythe. The monster, when measured, was fifty-one feet two and a half inches in extreme length, while round the thickest portion of his body the girth was nearly three feet; thus proving, I believe, to be the largest serpent that was ever authentically heard of."

WILL TURNER.—In one of the prettiest towns in Southeastern Ohio resides Dr. T., whose sayings are often quoted in that propinquity. Passing along the street one day he met a couple of lady acquaintances walking together—one of whom was named Wood, the other Stone. Pausing as he met them, the doctor made one of his most graceful bows, and repeated there two lines of the well known Missionary Hymn—

"The heathen, in the blindness,
Bows down to Wood and Stone."

The Chinese are said to be the best misunderstood people in the world.

ROBINS AGAIN.

There's a call upon the house-top, an answer from the plain,
There's a warble in the sunshine, a twitter in the rain;

And through my heart at sound of these,
There comes a nameless thrill,
As sweet as odor to the rose,
Or verdure to the hill;

And all these joyous mornings
My heart pours forth this strain—
"God bless the dear old robin,
Who have come back again!"

For they bring a thought of summer, of dreamy,
Lucious days,
Of king-cups in the meadow making a golden
haze;

A longing for the clover blooms,
For roses all aglow,
For fragrant orchards, where the bees
With drowsing murmurs go.

I dream of all the beauties
Of Summer's golden reign,
And sing—"God keep the robin,
Who have come back again."

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A longing for the clover blooms,

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

WHILE BABY SLEEPS.

The violet eyes lie shaded deep,
Beneath the white lids closing;
The cheeks flushed faint with rosy sleep,
The dimpled hands repose—
The sweet red lips held half apart—
Smiles coming and retreating;
God bless and keep the little heart
Within the white breast bunting,
As baby sleeps.

The tiny, restless, busy feet
Lie still in cradles nesting—
The clinging arm, full, white and sweet,
Upon the pillow resting:
Cose out the burst of noise and glare—
Harsh sound and harsher seeming—
And let the soft, sweet summer air
Float gently through his dreaming,
As baby sleeps.

And life and time go hurrying on,
Their varied meebes weaving;
And Heaven is lost, and Heaven is won,
And joy gives place to grieving;
The summer comes, the summer dies,
And brings the autumn's glory—
While still my darling's violet eyes
Repeat the same old story—
That baby sleeps.

I sit and muse, while yet apace
The future years are winging,
And think what gifts of love and grace
Their hidden hands are bringing;
What paths the little feet may tread—
What work the hands be moulding—
What crown awaits my darling's head,
When heart and soul unfolding,
No longer sleep.

Ah! hope has many a fairy theme,
From her sweet lips unfolding—
And life has many a golden dream,
That some fond heart is holding;
But none so glad as those that rise,
In light and beauty blending,
To shine before a mother's eyes,
Above the cradle bending,
While baby sleeps.

LORD ULSWATER.

CHAPTER XI.
ON THE LAWN.

Although the morning was a July morning, the month was still young; and as William Morgan made his tardy way between the hedge-rows that bounded what was called the Manor Road, there was a freshness in the verdure, and an elasticity in the air, that might in vain be sought for when the sultry season should be further advanced. The sky was of a bright blue, mottled by white caravans of fleecy-white clouds; the delicate blush of the wild-rose variegated the green of the quietest here and there; and there was dew yet sparkling on the cobwebs, that glistened as they spanned the grass in shaded spots. It was one of those phases of weather that show the English climate, and the soft English scenery of low hill and woodland, of dell, and dingle, and brooklet, to the greatest advantage.

But the beauty of the day was lost upon William Morgan. He paced on, slow and thoughtful, and gave not a glance to the smile of the sunny morning, or ever noted the wild-flowers peeping coyly out from the hollows and brushwood of the banks, that rose steeply on either hand. There was a faint, a very faint resemblance between the young man and his invalid sister, such a likeness as occasionally exists between a very beautiful and a very ugly person, knit together by the ties of blood. Not that Fortunatus Morgan—that was the nickname, of Etonian device originally, which the mild aristocrats of Pall Mall had chosen to apply to the future legislator—not that Fortunatus Morgan was ugly. Pale, middle-sized, and with a small and regular set of features, with auburn hair, and a weak little auburn moustache shading his upper lip, he was rather good-looking than the reverse: precisely the sort of man to pass muster in a crowd, and to attract scanty notice. His gray eyes, indeed, had at times a look that reminded those who knew Ruth Morgan of the sad, eager, spiritual light that shone in the eyes of the dying sister, who loved her brother with an unselfish devotion which seemed the only link binding her to earth. But Ruth's eyes were blue, not gray, and they were far larger than her brother's, and met the gaze of others more frankly.

There really do seem to be natures on which no amount of worldly prosperity can confer pleasure, just as there are others that cannot be made miserable by all the sufferings of Job. Here, for instance, was the young master of enormous wealth, one whose name was a proverb for good-luck, on whom it seemed as if Fortune had poured forth with large liberality the stores of her cornucopia, and yet discontent sat upon his brow, and he looked as moody—allowance being made for a difference in intellectual calibre—as Hamlet the Dane. Great riches were his, great power for good or ill, fair day dreams of ambition, sweet prospects of domestic joy, and yet he was sad, and almost sulken, as he walked along the familiar road that led to the house where his affianced bride dwelt. The pains that lovers feel, or, at any rate, the description of them, are somewhat out of date in modern days. It was different once. The wits, the poets, the fine gentlemen, the cavaliers and bloods of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, made no secret of the martyrdom which the caprice or coldness of some cruel fair one caused them to endure. Torments, tortures, flames, rage, furies, were the mildest expressions in the rhymes that bewailed the perfidy or the sternness of a mistress. Fickle Fanny, stony-hearted Belinda, purblind Araminta, were roundly rated in good rattling Alexandrines for their baseness, and seldom escaped a score or so of poetically abusive epithets. The jilted lover, the scrubbed swain, the victim of feminine harshness or treachery, roared out their complaints to the world, and told all who cared to read their couplets, how they languished, drooped, pined, burned, writhed, and died, metaphorically speaking.

We have changed all that. A gentleman would be ashamed to drop into the smoking-room of his club and pass a copy of verses before his hard face from hand to hand, or possibly to permit some friend to read aloud to the sympathetic audience a half-dozen of stanzas impugning the cruelty of Chloe, or invoking curses on mercenary Lavinia, as was the mode at Willis's or the Cocoa Tree, when coffee-houses

were. But it does not follow, because the wounded bleed inwardly, and suffer in silence, that the darts of nineteenth century Penthealleas lack point or barb. The successful suitor for the hand of Flora Hastings was not happy. He had not been rejected, and certainly he had no broken vow to complain of, like the gold-laced and be-ruffled beau who penned heroics and Sappho odes to the fair disturbers of their peace. But—Yes, in these ill-assorted marriages there always is a "but," more or less portentous. The song goes with the honey, the thorn with the flower. Some are too dull to perceive it, and go through life in an ox-like sort of sluggish contentment. Some, whose senses are a little more acute, dimly perceive that all is not well, and that the blessing of even a bishop cannot secure bliss to those who are mated, but not matched. Others, again, struggle and rebel against the chain that their own act has riveted, and either enrage the galling of the fetters, or rend and bruise their flesh most cruelly, with the standstill effort to break away from them.

In William Morgan's case, there was a "but," though he was luckier than some men and women, in that the doubt and dread had come to him before, instead of after marriage. Not that he doubted his own love for Miss Hastings; he was sure, too sure of that. He had never been really in love before: he was rather a cold nature, shy, distrustful, secretive, and it was new to him to feel how very closely the thought and memory of a fair girl's bright face had come to be tangled with his heartstrings.

He was almost afraid of the depth and force of his own passion, more resembling the old divine frenzy that inspired heathen heroes of old, than the modern mawkish preference for "a nice girl," a "pretty little party," which is the utmost to which the stoical swell of our epoch will confess. He felt as if he were playing too high, as a gambler might feel, who, in the fever of his heated blood, had set his all upon one cast of a die, or one turn of a card, and must be a beggar if he lost. He was well nigh angry with himself for loving Flora Hastings so very sincerely and engrossingly as he did love her. How if she died—she without whom it now seemed impossible that he should live, at least that he should live any life tinged by joy and hope? How if she should quarrel with him—become estranged from him, give her affections, if not her hand, to some other man, and leave him lonely and bankrupt in that without his money was but dust to him?

Perhaps he had some imperfect consciousness that this match, on which he had set his heart, and in which his dearest hopes were centered, was a faulty one at best. Perhaps he suspected, rather than knew, that he, William Morgan, was not fit to be the companion, guide, counsellor, and truest friend, through the difficult journey of life, for a clever, warm-hearted, and imaginative girl like Flora Hastings. Possibly, he had some dimpling perception of the fact that, whether or not she loved him now, her acceptance of his proposals had been rather prompted by a desire to please her parents, than by any preference for himself; and it did occur to him, once and again, with the pertinacity of a haunting ghost, that the absence of any genuine sympathy between two persons who were to be linked together by bonds that only sin or death could break, augured ill for their future happiness in wedded life. But he drove the thought from him as an exorcist might have banished a rebel spirit. She was too beautiful, and sweet, and noble, to be renounced. He loved her too dearly to take counsel of his prudence, where she was in question.

Musing thus, the accepted suitor pursued his way until the bright gravel of the drive that swept, yellow and glistening, past the deep porch of the manor-house, crackled beneath his tread. He was going up to the door as usual, when the well-known tap, tapping of a hardwood croquet mallet upon a hardwood croquet ball, accompanied by the silvery sound of merry girlish laughter, fell upon his ear. He looked round towards the garden, caught a glimpse of waving bat-feathers and muslin skirts gleaming and fluttering through the dark screen of trees that belted in the green award, and after a moment's hesitation, he turned towards the quarter whence the sounds proceeded, opened a low iron gate, and passed on beside the flower beds to the broad lawn.

The group of young ladies and of young men, visitors to Shelton Manor, some of whom were playing croquet while the others looked on, was a merry group enough; indeed, young people, well to do in the world, and on terms of that comfortable intimacy with one another which comes from living together under the hospitable roof of the same country-house, must be very much to be pitied if they cannot pass the rosy hours agreeably. The weather was delicious. Shelton was, of its kind, a pleasant house wherein to sojourn. The Right Honorable Robert grew a little now and then, but stoutly, and notably cabinet minister, are privileged to exhibit a modicum of ill humor when the field of P. dagra is busy with their feet and ankles; and Mrs. Hastings was just what the mistress of a mansion should be. It was all very nice, the guests had not been together long enough to thaw into genial good humor; and croquet, if rather a dull game to some fancies, lends itself to dexterity better even than the archery it has supplanted. Archery had its merits, no doubt; the attitudes that belonged to the bow maiden's art set off a graceful figure in great perfection; the uniform was often a becoming one, and there was room for a display of nerve and skill; but then it is not every one who possesses a graceful figure, or who can hit bull-eyes, and win golden arrows; whereas the stupidest girl alive can play croquet—so can the witiest and the prettiest. The game is deservedly popular.

Some of the youthful guests at Shelton, then, were contending in the strife of colored balls and iron arches, and the others were chatting and watching them, lazy, but well amused. The country-bred girls, really fond of croquet, and accustomed to it, were of course the most skillful and eager of the players, and the simple enthusiasm with which they disputed about those reconnoiter rules of "roqueting," turning back, and so on, regarding which books have been written, was very wonderful and refreshing to the hackett-y London men to whom they were teaching the game. Flora Hastings, with a mallet in her hand stood among the others like a tall lily among hardy blooming roses. The paleness that is the inevitable result of late hours and hot rooms, had not yet been coaxed by the fresh air of the country; but she looked gloriously beautiful, with her golden hair and pure delicacy of complexion, with blue eyes that were at once bright and thoughtful, as notable a girl as any in broad England.

So now William Morgan comes in sight, and

as he is perceived, a sort of chill seems to fall upon the blithe party, as if he brought a cold atmosphere along with him. They all greeted him, of course, and appeared glad to see him, as decency required, but he threw a damp upon their spirits, somehow, and they were more artificially polite, less heartily good natured, from the moment that he came among them. It might have been remarked that no one seemed to be on familiar terms with the new-comer, not even Flora Hastings; she gave him her hand very frankly indeed, more frankly, perhaps, than he liked, for he would have preferred a little less of sisterly simplicity in her reception of him; she said a few words of kindly composure, to which he made answer awkwardly enough; then he stood still, moodily watching the game.

It is strange, sometimes, to observe that one member of a company seems to be parted from the rest by some invisible barrier that cannot be broken through. Such a viselike wall existed, in this instance, between William Morgan and the guests at the manor house, or, at anyrate, the younger among them. It was not one of those customary and recognized fences by which the highly complicated society of a country like England is intersected. It was not the boundary hedge, for example, that might, by a bold metaphor, be supposed to exist between Belgrave and Bloomsbury, or to screen Mayfair from the incursions of Finchley. The man who was to marry Miss Hastings was not likely to offend against the Graces. Etonians, gentlemen-commoners of Oxford, cannot well be otherwise than persons of good breeding, upreared by aspirates, accurate in dress and deportment. William Morgan, quiet and unassuming, was as much unlike the popular type of the blatant parvenu Gibson as any man could be, and yet no one ever could "get on with him," as the phrase is. The male visitors at Shelton treated him with what the French call high consideration, but there was a reserve that could never be got over. The young lady guests did not like him; they were half afraid of him, having heard accounts of his wonderful wealth and prospects, until they esteemed him a sort of stray prince from the *Arabian Nights*; but they did not much admire the prince personally.

The game went on, but not with the old zest. The rosy-cheeked, honest-eyed girls from Cheshire or Somersetshire began to find, they hardly knew why, that the fun of croquet was over. They did not prattle or laugh so merrily as before, nor did they caress their mallets with exemplary precision, but the croquet might as well, so far as conversation went, have been carried on by a select assemblage of Quakers.

"Suppose we leave off: the sun's coming round to this side of the lawn, and every one seems tired of the game," said Miss Hastings at last; and the mallets were idle in a moment. Every one was glad to leave off.

"You seemed to enjoy the game half an hour ago, or at least I fancied you did," said William Morgan pensive. A killjoy's temper is not always improved by the perception that he is a killjoy.

"Well, but one may have enough even of a good thing, you know," remarked Jolly Captain Crashaw of the Blues.—"Don't you think so, Miss Warburton?"

Miss Warburton did think so; and as several voices affirmed the applicability of Crashaw's maxim to this particular case, the hammers and balls were discarded, and a move towards the house seemed imminent, when two new persons came upon the scene—Mrs. Hastings and Lord Ulswater. They came over the velvet-smooth lawn from the house, smiling and talking. Mrs. Hastings, gracious to all within the charmed circle of her intimate acquaintances, was doubly gracious to Lord Ulswater; perhaps in remembrance that her own race was near akin to the Carnacs, perhaps in the vague hope of winning over an Opposition champion. William Morgan, gnawing his lip, a little apart from the rest, envied the ease of the late comer's bearing. Lord Ulswater's manners had nothing affected—noting that savored of the late Sir Charles Grandison; and yet their very simplicity was full of grace. Even so poor an act of courtesy as that which the new arrival performed by lifting his hat, seemed to be more expressive, in his case, of a chivalrous deference towards the sex whose presence claimed this homage, than others could import to it. The sunlight glinted on the tawny gold of the young lord's clustering hair, as his handsome head towered above the group which he was approaching.

Lord Ulswater was one of those men, rare everywhere, but especially scarce in England, whose apparently unstudied ease of deportment relieves the habitual awkwardness of their companions. Most of our countrymen are painfully alive to a tormenting fear of ridicule, and remain on the defensive, tightly braced up in a sort of moral buckram suit, like some sixteenth-century knight, hardly able to waddle in the heavy plate armor that made him invulnerable and helpless. And yet the rising orator, whose name the newspapers were busy with, said nothing that any of his brother Elinusians might not have said, so far as the words went. He was not the least eloquent or witty, but very common-place sentences, spoken as Lord Ulswater spoke them, were apt to ring musically in a lady's ear. He was, he said, an unconsciously early visitor, but he had been anxious to find his neighbors at home, and had ridden over the downs at this Gothic hour to avoid the empty ceremony of card-leaving later in the day. He was so glad to hear that Mr. Hastings was getting the better of his old enemy the goat, and yet he had a selfish interest in the goat's tardy retreat, insomuch as it secured the stay of his friends in the vicinity of the Abbey, where he himself really thought he should remain for some weeks, unless Lady Harriet should turn him out. Lady Harriet, as Lord Ulswater had been telling Mrs. Hastings a moment before, sent all sorts of kind messages, and was very soon coming over to the Manor. He hoped that the inmates of Shelton would not be afraid of his aunt's haunted house; they might perhaps be tempted by the fine weather to venture so far. Lady Harriet would scream at the notion of a ball or a drum, but a sort of fet or picnic in the ruins, he thought, would be rather good fun. The croquet was over before he came; what a pity! That was all he said to Miss Hastings; and then he turned to talk with the four or five men whom he knew more or less,

and shook hands very cordially with the son in law elect, and was delighted to make the acquaintance of the rosy young ladies from distant countries, and altogether was a very pleasant specimen of the morning caller.

William Morgan, sulking in the shadow of the rhododendron clump, like Achilles in his tent, viewed Lord Ulswater with gloomy eyes. He had always been well enough treated by the chief of the Carnacs; knew no ill of him, and certainly had no just grounds for any jealousy with reference to Lord Ulswater and beautiful Flora Hastings. He told himself angrily, that he was not jealous; but he wished this dreadfully handsome, dangerously well-spoken young patrician twelve thousand miles away in New Zealand, or twelve feet below the pavement of the chapel at St. Paul's, or anywhere, so that he were not bending his proud head before Flora Hastings, and looking with his dark blue eyes into hers. And yet, what, in the name of common sense, had occurred to make the most petulant of betrothed suitors out of temper? A gentleman had called at a country house, and the mistress of it having brought him to join a few of croquet players on the lawn, he had said a few words, as politeness required, to the young lady's daughter; that was all. There was absolutely nothing whereby to take umbrage. Othello himself would scarcely have objected to Lieutenant Cassio's paying that much attention to Madame Desdemona. But—

It was the miserable fate of this fortune's favorite to find a "but" always ranking in his secret soul. He declared that he was not angry with Lord Ulswater, but he confessed to his own heart that he was—not angry, of course—but vexed, with Flora. Why did her eyes fall timidly to the ground, for one fleeting instant, before the visitor's eyes? Why did she start, very slightly, but perceptibly, when first she caught sight of the tall figure at her mother's side? And why was there that tell-tale flutter, that sudden flush of dainty rose pink in her cheek, pale till then, a flush that passed away as quickly as it came? And, above all, why was there that momentary hesitation in giving Lord Ulswater her hand? She had given her hand to him, William Morgan, her affianced husband, simply and readily enough, some half-hour ago—tooe simply, too readily, he thought, in the bitterness of his spirit; and there had been none of these flattering signs of emotion that the betrothed lover fancied he had detected in the greeting given to Lord Ulswater.

If this were so, had he not a right to be vexed, nay, to be more than vexed? Surely, he who was to be this girl's husband should be an object of greater interest in her eyes than any mere acquaintance, whatever his rank or personal merits. It was gall and wormwood to him to dwell upon these things, and he began to comfort himself on account of his great need for comfort. After all, perhaps he was mistaken. Then he set to work to prove to himself the error into which he had fallen.

The case for the defence was plausible, at d in accordance with the wishes of the judge self-appointed to try the fault or innocence of Flora. The start, and flush, and flutter, the fact that the girl had faltered as she extended her hand to Lord Ulswater, had been so very slight and brief, that one less lynx-eyed than a jealous lover could have espied them. They might have been imaginary, or, at anyrate, the beholder might have exaggerated them for his own self-tortment. Admitting that such marks of agitation had had any real existence, how harsh was it to blame one of the age of Miss Hastings for trifling tokens of an embarrassment which by no means implied a preference for the cause of it. The visitor was a man of note, a recent celebrity, whose fame was bruised by a flourish of political trumpets; just the sort of brilliant person that young ladies look up to with that tendency to hero-worship which sits so prettily upon their impressionable sex. Lord Ulswater had been quite unconscious, and so, evidently, had been shrewd, worldly Mrs. Hastings and the loungers around. A verdict of "Not guilty," or, at anyrate, of "Not proven," was returned in William Morgan's unseen court for the trial of his future wife.

In spite of this acquittal, the accepted suitor found himself narrowly watching the conduct of Miss Hastings and of Lord Ulswater during the remainder of the latter's somewhat protracted visit. But there really was nothing whereby the severest duenna of Spanish domestic life would have had a right to cavil. Lord Ulswater was pressed to stay for lunch, and he stayed. Finally, when the pony-carriages and the saddle-horses, and the big barouche for the non-riding or driving matrons of the party, came round to the door, and there was a dispersal of the guests towards two or three places of local interest, from the Marine Parade of Shelton-on-Sea to the ruins of Capel Castle, Lord Ulswater rode with one of the detachments just so far, and no further, as their roads lay together. It certainly was the case that Miss Hastings was one of the detachment, and Lord Ulswater as certainly rode at her side for some portion of the way; but he was, to all appearance, just as attentive to Miss Warburton or to Mrs. Hennage, as to the queen of the London season. Nothing occurred to confirm William Morgan's suspicions; suspicions which, as he somewhat ostentatiously told himself, he had laid at rest for ever. And yet, if the dandies and damsels among whom he cantered on that day could have real the real feelings of him whom they called behind his back by the half-jovial nickname of Fortunatus Morgan, no one of them, not even Crashaw of the Blues, who was head over ears in debt, would have been willing to change places with the Crown Crumblington. This young man, outwardly so cold and unattractive, loved Flora Hastings so deeply and desperately, that the thought of losing her gave him exquisite pain. He scented the coming peril afar off, and knew, as by some instinct, not to be lulled to sleep, that the great sorrow of his life was at hand.

CHAPTER XII.

A LITTLE IN THE CHAM.

Mr. Hackett, M.P., who was at that time the very efficient and experienced Treasury whip, to whose vigilance and firmness the Government had given one victory in the lobby of the House of Commons, was by far too great a man, in a general way, to fetch and carry between ministers at their posts in London, and ministers legged by goat at country houses. And, no doubt, under ordinary circumstances, the premier would have sent his private secretary, or even have written to the post, to his agent colleague at Shelton. But Mr. Hackett was a personal friend to the Right Honorable Robert, and he had a considerable interest in the matter in question; so he took advantage of a blank day in Parliament, and came down to Shelton with a return-ticket.

"No, I suppose he ought to go," said he, reluctantly, but deliberately enough. "There is no actual time fixed for the wedding, and—I suppose Colonel Seymour will not consent to resign?"

Mr. Hackett shook his head. "They cannot ask him," said he, with a glance at his watch, and another at the ornamental clock on the chimney-piece: "they dare not trouble him on any irritating topic.

"So you see, don't you, that Morgan has no time to lose," urged Mr. Hackett, after briefly explaining the reason of his flying visit. "Hey-mour's a dead man; seizure came on at Wildbad; his doctor—he always travels with a doctor—telegraphed the news. Question of hours or days, but recovery impossible. Morgan ought to begin canvassing the county at once."

"Umph!" grunted the statesman, crumpling up a great official red sealed letter, one of many that lay on the table, between his fingers. "Ah! confound it! there it is again. Pinches my left ankle, Hackett, as a crab might do. You can't form any idea of what it is; no one can."

It was one of the Right Honorable Robert's "bad" days. The gout was on the alert to maintain its empire. The fiend Podagra, evading to be a quiescent fiend, that contended itself with a spasmodic pinch at intervals, was briskly nipping its prey, and the minister's temper was none the better for the fact. Mr. Hackett's plastic countenance assumed a sympathetic expression. "I dare say not," he

Till the breath is out of his body—and he may linger long—the poor fellow is master of Oakshire."

"I see Morgan must go. I'll have him in here and talk to him, and put the thing as you put it. And I must say, my dear Hackett, that you have done me a great kindness by coming down in person to explain matters, and to give me a chance of—By-the-way, you'll take some lunch, Hackett, if you won't stay to dinner?" said the master of the house, for already the guest was drawing on his gloves, and preparing to go. This, however, Mr. Hackett declined. At Shelton-on-Sea, he had his biscuit and glass of sherry—so he said—and that was all he ever took in the middle of the day. His presence was too useful in London for him to dally with the precious hours at Shelton; he must go; and he did go.

Mr. Hackett's musings, as the up-train that bore him back to town flew threw the peaceful country, past sleepy hamlets, past ruins of gray old Norman keeps, and among brooks and wooded dells, were not exactly in tune with the soft harmony of rural life. "We want the cub, and we shall have him"—such were the thoughts that chased each other through his subtle brain. "He is one of those thundering rish fellows whom no one can call adventurers; he is not too clever—I hate your clever young M.P.—an edge tool that cuts one's fingers—and then his thorough influence is ours, so long as we keep the peerage dangling before him. But Hastings is wrong not to secure him for his daughter—just as if fifty pounds would not water for such a fine golden plum as that!"

Meanwhile, the owner of Shelton manor-house sat reading over his papers. He had a vague sense of having been outgeneraled, somehow, by his political colleagues. Fortunatus Morgan had come to look upon as his own property, a captive to his wife's bow and spear, and whose ransom was to be the wedding ring destined to encircle the slender finger of Miss Hastings. It was somewhat provoking that the long heads of the Treasury benches should have decided on putting forward his elect son in law as a candidate for this particular county, and doubly vexatious that the canvass should begin now, instead of at the eve of the dissolution. That would have given reasonable time for the conversion of Flora Hastings into Flora Morgan; but now to hurry on the wedding was out of the question. No day had been named; the tardy solicitors had not got beyond the first rough draft of instructions for the settlement; and wary Mrs. Hastings was averse to pressing her daughter on the subject of the marriage.

And yet, although the Right Honorable Robert was a sound classical scholar to be unable to quote in its original Latin the line whose English translation tells of the frequency of slips between cap and lip, he could not own his fears. Hackett had shown his accustomed tact and friendliness; but behind Hackett was the premier, and the head of the cabinet was a man to be obeyed. There was no help for it.

Accordingly, a servant was sent to beg that Mr. Morgan would be so kind as to join his intending father in law in the latter's study, and after a very short interview it was arranged that the rich aspirant for the representation of Oakshire should start for thatshire on the very next day.

"Are you going to-morrow?" said Flora, when he told her the news. "I am so sorry, but you must be sure to be back by the fourth of next month—the picnic—as they choose to call it—at St. Fagans. It is a promise, mind!"

CHAPTER XIII.

THE BLACKTOP IS PAID OFF.

There was deep truth underlying that bold metaphor by which the heathen poets of old, Scandinavian and Gothic, no less than Greek and Roman, described the wondrous way in which the web of human destinies is woven on the loom of Fate. We need not believe either in Valvra or in Parce, in Lachesis or in Stygula, to feel the force of the grand myth, and the lesson which it imparts. Still, the mystic drift whirling, heavy with flax fibres, still the threads when spun are woven into warp and woof by the fast flying shuttle, and still the fabric grows, and the shears resound, and our lives are measured and meted till it comes to our turn for the touch of the resistless steel.

To the imagination of a modern, at least, the most remarkable feature of the arrangement is the immense variety of the sources whence are drawn the materials for the Great Web. Threads the most unlike, the furthest apart, are caught up, spun, and twined, and crossed, and knitted into the giant fabric. Existences that would seem to have nothing in common, yet prove, on a close inspection, to have been joined to one another by the viewless but unbroken chain of cause and effect. There lives no creature of whom we can say with truth, that with him or her we can by no possibility have to do, that by no indirect agency can he or she influence us for weal or woe. There are bonds and links between all human actions, and all human destinies.

At much the same hour at which William Morgan, Esquire, of Crumlinham and Stoneham, and many a fair Hall besides, alighted from the railway carriage upon the platform at Bridgwater, that cathedral city of Somersetshire where his canvassing was to begin, and where the ubiquitous Mr. Sharples was ready to receive his paymaster, a homeward-bound Australian clipper came to her moorings in the Thames. The steam tug that had towed her from Gravesend, past the endless-seeming reaches of the river, with its fat shores, and green marshmeadows, and Dutch-looking windmills, had come puffing off, its task at an end. The ship lay at anchor in the Pool, amid a crowd of vessels, herself towering, with her tall spires, above the forest of masts surrounding her.

It was early in the afternoon as yet, for the daylight comes early and lingers long in July. William Morgan had left Shelton-on-Sea by the first quick train, while the very first rays of the rising sun had shone upon the turbid water frowning away from under the bows of the tall ship, and the splashing paddles of the pigmy steamer that was dragging her up-stream. There was plenty of light as yet, and the passengers and the crew, and the captain and mates too, not impossible, were as eager to touch the hard firm earth as those who have sailed from the antipodes have a right to be. It was of no use to suggest to the landmen that they had better spend another night quietly on board, so as to have a whole day before them when they should quit the vessel. It was of as little use to advise the forecastle Jacks to stay and earn extra pay by helping to unload the ship; the sailors were wild for the shore and their liberty, hungering and thirsting, too many of them, poor fellows, to spend their wages in a short week's folly and

frenzy among the water-side publics and dancing rooms. Every one was for the shore.

It was the passengers' turn first; and when they and their effects had gone off in boats, the crew, with their chests, and bags, and bundles, and many of the men carrying a cage of outlandish Australian birds, a cockatoo tied to a perch, or some other marketable pet from the other side of the world, came tumbling up, and went ashore too. The ship was left in charge of the second-mate, the apprentices, and one lame old mariner, who had seen enough of the world and its vanities to prefer earning wages as a skipper-in-port, to owing hard won money broadcast among the rascals that prey on sailors. But, according to article, the voyage was over; the anchor was down, the men were free, and the captain was to meet them by appointment at the shipping office, to pay them their due.

A curious scene it was the door of that shipping office around which the freshly landed seamen thronged, waiting their turn to be called in. Within, the merchant captain, the clerks, and one of the partners in the firm that owned the ship, were busy with gold and silver, ink and papers, and ledgers and log-books, checking off the wages due. There was some little argument now and then between payer and payee, on account of stoppages for pierce's clothes supplied on the voyage, or for advances made in Australia, but on the whole all went smoothly. The men took their money, accompanied in some cases—not all, by any means—by a kind word or two from their late commander, and went their way. It was outside the office, however, that the student of life would have seen something to interest him, rather than inside it, where the dull routine of business was carried on.

The *Blacktop* was a good ship, her skipper, Captain Bartlestone, was a worthy man enough,

"Here, Peters, is your money. You have earned it well, which is more than I can say of some of our hard bargains. Cast your eye over the paper here, and see that all is right. Here is the advance-ticket for the stops you had served out to you—and here is the receipt you must sign—and here is the balance due."

Thus spoke Captain Bartlestone, with a heavy voice and a kind look. Richard Peters made his bow of recognition for this civil greeting, and then picked up the paper, and glanced at its contents, while the others glanced at him. He had taken off his cabbage-palm hat on coming in, and they had a good view of his sunburned face.

A bold, pleasant face: broad, low brow, squarely cut; cheek bones rather high; eyes of the darkest gray, very bright, but not large, and two restlessness, perhaps, but then such a firm mouth, that contained a fine set of strong white teeth, and could smile agreeably enough. Large features, not regular, but fit to charm a woman's eye, and a very marked expression of audacious, but not ill-natured self-reliance. The face of a man very powerful for good or evil. And the form matched the face. The broad chest and the supple strength of the limbs were such as would have done credit to an athlete of old days. Even the muscular right hand, with its strong, wrist-stained blus by intricate tattooing of mermaids, anchors, and true lovers' knots, indelibly drawn in gunpowder, was a model of wiry force and definiteness.

Mr. Millidge nudged the captain with his elbow, and as the sailor laid down the paper and took the pen to sign, Captain Bartlestone spoke:

"All right, eh, Peters?"

"All right, sir," said the person addressed, as he wrote his name in bold, black characters—not a running hand, however, but one in which the letters slope backwards.

"Not much coming to you, after all, considering what a good sailor you proved," remarked the skipper, "but that's your fault, my lad, not mine. Why did you ship as an ordinary seaman, when you might have signed articles as a prime A.B., and got able seaman's wages, Peters?"

The man looked up laughingly; one of those curious laughs it was which are impudent but yet not offensive.

"I was bashful, perhaps, sir. My hand was out, too, and for aught I knew, I might not have proved worth my salt. It was so long, you see, sir, since I had donned a rope, I half thought I should turn out a landlubber," said Mr. Richard Peters, respectively easy of bearing.

"Yes you are brown as a berry, my man—hands well tanned, too. Been at the gold, I suppose, and not lucky?" asked the shipowner.

"Not very lucky, sir. Never was but once," was the quiet answer.

Then Captain Bartlestone, after exchanging glances with his principal spoke out very kindly and at some length. What he wanted was, not to lose this sailor—to whom he frankly declared he had taken a great liking—altogether from the forecastle of the *Blacktop*, and the employ of Millidge Brothers. He roundly affirmed that he had never had a better hand on board his ship; that if Peters liked to ship for the next outward voyage, he should be rated as an able seaman of the first class; and if he conducted himself as he had hitherto done, would seek the owners' permission to make him third-mate.

"I don't want you to bind yourself in a moment," said the merchant-captain in conclusion: "I have your run ashore, and your spire, if you are not too shrewd to fling away your money like the rest of our poor bare-brained fellows, and whose blood cried for vengeance, not always successfully, to the dull ears of human justice.

A healthy, sunburned gang were the hands of the *Blacktop*, in their summer frock or jackets of duck or flannel, with cabbage-palm hats on their heads, or handkerchiefs knotted around their brown foreheads; but they were of all sorts and sizes, as the crews of our merchant marine usually are in these days. There were fine stalwart A.B.s, with large whiskers, open faces, and curly hair, the typical sailor, picturesque and superb, but these were few; the rest were foreigners, boys, landsmen, and "ordinary" seamen, the sweepings of a port under the Southern Cross. Naturally, around this group roved the parasites that lived upon the earnings of sailors, hungry for plunder—crimps, touts, and Jew dealers in all commodities, keepers of boarding houses, skittish sharpers, and not a few bold-eyed women, curiously intent on we coming an old acquaintance to the native shores, and by no means destined to begin a sudden friendship with a new crew. Officers of all sorts of evildoers, from a glass of grog to a kip, to an advantageous barter for prettily-creased cheap watches and gold chains, came sailing on the new comers, and in many instances the landsmen's spires received their victims.

Not in one case, however, and this was the most notable, because the man I speak of was left nearly to the last awaiting his turn to be paid. A handsome, shapely young fellow of eight or nine and twenty, or thereabouts, not very tall, but with a figure that combined strength and activity in a remarkable degree. He had clear, dark skin like that of S. India, but his brown hair, curling naturally, was of the rich light shade almost peculiar to the British Isles, and the tinge he was whistling was British too.

A salt-water dandy, evidently, was this young sailor, and one of those born artists in dandism who can produce an effect with very indifferent materials. He wore the coarse shop-tar jacket and clean duck trousers with a jolly air that none of his shipmates could attain to; the red silk handkerchief around his neck was gracefully adjusted; the broad falling collar of his blue seaman's shirt was fastened at the throat by a brooch of pink coral; and the cabbage-palm hat rested lightly on his brown curly hair. There was a saucy smartness about the man, a brisk readiness, too, which he evinced by his frequent change of posture, no less than by the quick, piercing glances which he threw around him at intervals. He was manifestly one of those enviable constitutions which possess a superabundance of vitality, and whose health and strength create a positive need for energetic employment of some sort. There he stood waiting, apparently careless of the curiosity which he excited among the interested throng of miscellaneous hangers-on upon seafaring men. Susan from Wapping, and likewise Sall, in vain claimed him as a friend of former times, under the hypothetical names of Jack and Tom. They might as well have ogled St. Swithin himself. So with the Jews, the touts, the crimps, the jovial, open-hearted skittle sharpeners, who hailed him as "shipmate," "noble captain," and so forth, and were anxious to drink with him, and to pay for the privilege. None of these blood-suckers could make anything of this stoic of the forecastle.

"Richard Peters, ordinary seaman—step this way!" Then, indeed, he started, and asked the two remaining men to "keep an eye on his traps," he went in after the clerk who had called him by name, and the office door closed upon him. There, within the counting house, he found his captain, and young Mr. Millidge the owner, and three or four subordinates, awaiting him.

"Here, Peters, is your money. You have

"We shan't trouble Mrs. Walsh!" said the good natured detective, rubbing his stout, sleek hands together; "we're on the look out for very different game, we are!"

But alas for human perspicacity! Before the officer employed by the Colonel Office—or, more correctly, since his services were never charged to the nation—in the Chancellor of the Exchequer's little bill, by some one high in the Colonial Office—had left the counting-house, after scoopings some modest spirituous refreshment, the cab that conveyed Richard Peters, ordinary seaman, had reached the corner of Cecil Street, Strand. There the sailor alighted, paid and discharged his cabman, and, on foot, made his way down that hospitable street, where every second window displayed its fly-blown card of lodgings, lodgings, always lodgings.

Slowly the man walked, carrying his bag and bundle, looking shilly around. Presently, from the narrow doorway of a house where the brass bell-pulls studded the door-post like studs in an ornamental casket, there emerged into sight a human face, the only face in that Sahara of lodging-houses—a beautiful face, worn and tired, very young, dark, fierce, handsome—the face of a dark-haired, bright-eyed, oval-faced young woman, with a passionate, wild, tender look in the eyes that do not often see in the eyes of women of our own race. She was pale, but her rose, reddened and crimsoned, as she saw the sailor.

"All right, Loy?" asked the man, gently.

"All right, dear Jim; we live here." That was the answer. She drew him in, greeting him as none but women can do—clinging to him, looking up in his face; and her eyes were proud, and fond, and eager all at once. The eyes of a loving woman are wonderfully eloquent. Hers told tales. There had been trouble, shame, pain, but it was over now. Surely, yes—surely the part that had been acted so painfully all through the weary voyage was over now. It had been a dull, sad dream of widowhood, but it was over.

GOLDEN HAIR.

Mr. Erasmus Wilson, in his new *Journal of Cutaneous Medicines and Diseases of the Skin*, is eloquent on the "Dangers of Dyeing the Hair."

"Art," he tells us, "is progressive; a few years back, when the mania for altering the shade of color of the hair first broke out, ladies were content with washing their heads with an alkaline solution, soda or potash, until a considerable portion of the coloring matter was removed, and with it, of course, much of the freshness and sickly beauty of the hair. This bleached hair, which approached artificial or dead hair in its qualities, was then polished with a little oil, and the process was complete. But chemistry has now enabled the artisans of hair to move a stage onwards; to add a dye in the place of the abstracted natural color, and to convert the head into a kind of colored mop. It comes to pass thus: the head is washed with an alkaline solution, and dried near the fire; this part of the process occupies an hour. The manipulator then brushes through the hair the dye, an acid solution of varying strength, and the exhausted and dry hair is made to absorb this fluid by the aid of hot tongs and hot plates of metal. This latter part of the process demands care and skill, and time also, it would appear; for our informant, the lady operated upon, reports that the whole proceeding occupied seven hours and a half. But at last came the result, not the end, but the beginning of the end. When the lady rose from the operating chair, she was charmed by the vision of a pale gold *chevelure*, her natural color being a dark brown; and she went to her home in perfect delight. But in a very few hours the vision began to change, first to a bright orange yellow, and then to a deep yolk of egg yellow that was perfectly hideous. To correct this evil, another operation was to be gone through, another seven hours and a half of tedious and painful manipulation; and this time, like the last, with a similar result,—first the golden sheen of the rising sun; but, as evening advanced, a deep saffron and red tint, like the setting sun portending a coming storm; or, rather, like the sullen looks of the demons of a pantomime. The lady's disappointment and vexation may be more easily imagined than described; she was advised that nothing more could be done; that, if she disapproved of her present appearance, her head must be shaved; and she submitted to the necessity and to the consequent annoyance of wearing a wig. The proceeding we are now discussing is called the instantaneous' process, and we have styled it an operation, having in our mind a surgical undertaking; the suffering was so severe, says our informant, that she was obliged to scream with pain, the burning was so intense that she walked about the room in a frantic state; and sal volatile was administered to keep up her strength. More than a week after this grave operation she came to us to be relieved of inflammation of the scalp, and the effects of a superficial gangrenous burn. She complained of a feeling of lethargy, and feared that some poisonous matter might have been absorbed through the scalp into the system; and it was clear that her nervous system had undergone a serious shock, and that she had escaped by a very narrow margin from an attack of deranged function of the liver verging on jaundice. On the seventh day after the operation the gangrenous burn remained unabated."

The sailor hesitated, then he put the money in his pocket, and picked up his hat.

"Many thanks, sir," he said, "for a very kind offer; and if I go to sea again before the meet, I'd never ask a better captain or a better ship. But maybe I may not go to sea—anyway, as a sailor.

Captain Bartlestone, rather crestfallen, remained to talk with Mr. Millidge.

"I'm disappointed, sir. I thought I had more influence with the man than that, Mr. James."

Young Mr. Millidge made answer to the captain.

"Never mind, Bartlestone—never mind. As good fish in the sea, I should say, as ever came out of it. A fine fellow, too. I liked the looks of the obstinate young dog well enough."

Just then, quiet and unobtrusive as usual, dropped in a detective. He had heard of the *Blacktop*'s safe arrival and rapid voyage. He came to wish his old acquaintance, Captain Bartlestone, good luck, and—
to ask just a question or two. There he was, remarked a sumptuous party expected home from Australia, a young married man, convicted at the Central Criminal Court, and whose sentence was not worked out, or nearly worked out. As a general rule, it was left to the Australian police to deal with such persons at the port of embarkation. But this was a peculiar case. There were great guns at the Colonial Office—and here the sergeant of detectives looked mysterious—who were anxious lest a particular transport should return from the southern hemisphere to the northern. It was almost a Government matter. The order to prevent the escape of James Sark.

Very readily and very frankly, the shipowner and the captain of the clipper produced the papers of the *Blacktop*. There was the list of passengers. There, it would do the sergeant any good to see it, was the list of the crew. There was no young married couple among the passengers, first cabin, intermediate, or steerage, who, either on paper or by verbal description, realized the police-man's ideal portrait of Mr. and Mrs. Sark. There was but one young woman—young women do not very often come back from Australia—one, a widow, young, dark, good-looking, melancholy, respectable—a Mrs. Walsh. No one else.

MARGUERITE.

An Elegy.

Pale golden hair,
Waving as the billowy sea,
Wreathing, like the ivy free,
Her brow so fair.

Deep, thoughtful eyes,
Seeming, through their lashes bright,
Jewels set in golden light,
Dropped from the skies.

A voice so clear—
Like the trilling of vesper bells
Coming soft through mossy dell,
Gladdening the ear.

A smile most sweet—
Beaming like the sun's bright ray
Stealing through some cloister gray,
Had Marguerite!

Terrible Military Inventions.

The Progress, of Lyons, publishes a letter from a chemist of Marseilles, who suggests a mode of opposing the needle guns by a Greek fire he has invented. He says:

To give an idea of the efficacy of my discovery, I declare, and am ready to prove, that I can, at a distance of 1,000 metres, envelope an army of 100,000 men in a sea of flame within less than five minutes. If a town has to be taken by assault I have no need of a Rotopachine, as I can set it on fire in very nearly the same period. In a naval battle I would run into the enemy, and in fifteen seconds cover all the deck of the vessel with a torrent of flame which would burn the rigging

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

7.

Coffee and Wine.

At a *séance* of the French Academy of Sciences, held on the 2d of April, was read a curious paper upon the moral influence of different kinds of food. The writer related in detail a double series of experiments that he performed upon himself with the two capital articles, coffee and wine. He prepared himself for each series by a fast of about forty hours, during which he ate nothing but a few globules of gum, in order that the stomach might be entirely empty at the moment of commencing. Then he eat nothing but coffee and bread, or wine and bread, for several days, and carefully noted his mental sensations. I quote his own words:—

"If I swallowed a certain quantity of strong coffee slowly I felt a singular change take place in my nature. I seemed almost instantaneously transformed into another man; all feeling extinguished itself in my breast, and at the same moment my intellect developed an unaccustomed activity; it seemed as if all my faculties had transformed themselves into intelligence. I ceased to be communicative and kindly; I became cold, cross and selfish, in a word, my whole character assumed an aspect exactly the reverse of what it had hitherto been. My intellect labored without the slightest fatigue, and almost in spite of myself; upon any given subject it penetrated profoundly and drew almost infinite consequences. If I wrote, my style was correct but cold. I remained a long time in the condition my intellect ceased its activity of production, but, like my body, I remained constantly agitated. I could not sleep, or, at least, could never completely lose my consciousness. In a word, I was entirely reduced to motion and intelligence. It is worthy of note that my pulse was both slow and feeble throughout the experiment. If now I drank some wine everything changed; calm returned, followed by generous sentiments. I feel myself become again kindly and sympathetic. I ceased, as by magic, to be cross and egotistical. If the experiment was made from the beginning with wine and bread, instead of coffee and bread, these phenomena were exaggerated; the mind was dulled to such a point as to be embarrassed by the slightest effort; the character became extraordinarily sensitive. I dreaded to offend any one by the slightest thing; whereas under the influence of the coffee, the feelings or opinions of the world were completely indifferent to me. In the meantime this vicious sensibility is not necessarily benevolent. If the person happens to fall under the influence of a malevolent feeling, that is equally intensified. Finally, I became heavy, sleepy, inclined for repose; the intellect ceased to act; sensibility alone remained."

The author of the memoir observes, in conclusion, that coffee and wine may be taken as the types of two great classes of food, of which one acts on the intellect and nerves of motion, the other on the sensibility and nerves of sensation; that a majority of articles used as food occupy a middle place between two extremes.

¶ The following is a school-boy's composition, printed as written:—

OX.

Oxen is a very slow animal they are good to brake ground up I wood drather have horses if they didn't have kollick, which they say is wind collected in a bunch, which makes it dangerous for to keep horses than an ox if there was no horses the people wood have to wheel thair wood on a wheatsheaf in wood take them to or three days to wheel a cord a mile. Cows is useful to i have herd som say that if they had to be other or an ox they wood be a cow. But i think when it cum to have their tits pulled of a cold morning they wood wish they wasn't, for oxen don't generally have to raise caws if i had to be enny i wood drather be a heifer. But if i evidently be a heifer and had to be both i wood be an ox.

ISAAC SPIKE.

¶ Perhaps not the most devout minister can remember in the space of ten minutes, one single item that is treated of in the twenty-second chapter of St. John's gospel.

¶ An English periodical has invented the word "statal," to designate all things relating to a State, in the same way that "national" characterize those of a nation, and "municipal" those of a city.

¶ A woman in Wilton, Me., is seven feet high, and weighs 350 lbs.

¶ Patti's benefit in Paris brought her 19,000 francs, 75 bouquets of all sizes, and 18 crowns.

¶ Widow lady and widow-woman are frequently encountered in conversation and in print. But whether either of them has yet been encountered by a widower gentleman, or a widower man, remains to be discovered.

¶ Some workmen employed in the construction of a house in the Rue Turbie, Paris, found on the 23d ult. a man hanging to a beam. In a pocket of his coat was a written paper to the following effect: "I have lived thirty-eight years entirely unknown in the world, my life has always been for me a problem, the solution of which disquiets me; I am going to try and solve it in another world, which is just as unknown to me as the one I quit, but where I shall find, as I have been told, what I have vainly sought for in this—the realization of my dreams."

¶ A watch has been manufactured in Paris which is wound up by simply opening the case to note the time. It only requires to be opened once a month to keep it always going, and it is perhaps the nearest approach to perpetual motion yet invented.

¶ The Young Men's Christian Association at Chicago, Illinois, furnishes funds to pay postage on all letters that are dropped into the Post Office without stamps, through carelessness or otherwise, and thus prevents their being sent to the Dead Letter office. A printed slip is affixed to each letter informing the recipient how the postage was paid, and inviting him to contribute to the Association, and sometimes the response is quite generous.

¶ An invention has been patented in England under the name of the "gas fire-igniter," intended as a substitute for wood and paper in lighting fires. A row of three gas burners is fitted on below and behind the grate-bottom, with a tap at one side, so that when a fire is wanted the gas is lit, and the flames passing among the coals set fire to them without the aid of wood or paper.

¶ M. Janin tells in the Debate, that the first attempt at a universal exhibition was made under Nero, more than eighteen centuries ago, and which is thus alluded to by Socrates, in one of his letters:—"I was present the other day at the solemn exhibition of the riches of Rome, where I saw marvellous cheats & devices, the most exquisite cloths, hangings and costumes, which had come from even beyond the limits of the Roman frontiers, &c."

A Spectacle in the Streets of London.

An extraordinary sight, says a correspondent, was witnessed in the principal London streets recently. Rather more than a thousand of the most miserable wretches that ever wore the garb of humanity formed a procession and marched in file from the neighborhood of Wapping and Whitechapel to the aristocratic quarters of St. James's and Belgravia. There was no disturbance or excess of any kind. Every man was in rags, and every form and face bore the unmistakable marks of privation and distress. A banner or two contained inscriptions indicative of their character and their wants, and a few carried money-boxes to receive any donations that might be bestowed upon them. Why, I know not, but it was not deemed worth while to prevent this demonstration on the part of the authorities, but the sight was one that did not tend to add greatly to an Englishman's pride. These men, it is well known, were only the representatives of a body forty times their number, for it has been ascertained that there are no less than forty thousand in the Eastern suburbs of London, not only out of employment, but reduced to the extreme of destitution, and dependent on daily charity for their morsel of bread, or cup of soup, that keeps the flame of life alight within their emaciated bodies. It is a frightful thing to contemplate, and what is to be the end of this state of things Heaven only knows.

THEATRICAL STATISTICS.—The following figures as to the capacity of some of the great theatres of Europe may be of interest. The Scala of Milan accommodates 4,000 spectators, has six tiers of boxes (they are called "boxes" in Europe up to the last tier, which is the "gallery.") The stage is 150 feet deep. The San Carlo of Naples, seats 3,600; the Carlo Felice of Genoa, 3,000; the Fenice in Venice, 2,700; Theatre Peale in Turin, 2,000. The Imperial Opera House of Vienna, seats 3,100, and is, therefore, the third largest in Europe. The older theatres have, throughout, five tiers of galleries, the more modern only four.

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WIT AND HUMOR.

THE LOVE OF GOLD:
A Story of Fashionable Crime.

CHAPTER I.—THE EVIL COUNSELLOR.

It was in an evil moment that she listened to his suggestions. Alas! she was scarcely mistress of her actions when his evil counsels prevailed.

She sat alone in her quiet boudoir. Her hands were clasped in agony as she walked to and fro, murmuring to herself—

"Gold! gold! Oh, yes, it must be gold!"

The next day she left her home.

CHAPTER II.—A PICTURE OF HOME.

They had been very, very happy, she and her Algernon, the husband of her choice. Three darling children had blessed their union, and they had a villa at Baywater.

Every night when he returned from the Money Market he drew her toward him, and she leaned on his shoulder until her raven tresses mingled with the tawny beard that flowed over his manly bosom and the intervening white waistcoat.

But that might never, never be again.

CHAPTER III.—A BAD CHANGE.

She flew homeward with a guilty conscience. The domestic who opened the door started, uttering a smothered "Oh my!" She needed not. She flew up stairs to the nursery, and clasped her children to her palpitating bosom.

The little creatures struggled to get away from her. The baby went into convulsions. They did not recognize their mother. Wringing her hands wildly she fled down stairs. Algernon had just returned. She met him in the passage, trembling, half fainting. He looked at her coldly, and passed on.

She tumbled down flat on the door-mat!

Alas! her evil counsellor, the hair-dresser, had prevailed on her to have her hair bleached to the fashionable yellow, and not even her own family could recognize her!

"Call Me George."

Ben W. served in the Revolutionary War, and had been in the habit of repeating his *long and tough yarns* so often that at last he really believed them himself. Ben would give a personal anecdote about every battle of the war, in which he himself always, of course, figured as the hero. On being asked if he was in the battle of Monmouth, he replied, "I guess I was. I had my right-hand pocket full of powder, my left hand pocket full of bullets, and I had father's double-barreled ducking gun, seven foot long, sir! seven foot long! I put in a handful of powder and a handful of bullets, and every time I let her off I knocked down the British, sir, fifty at a time!" Gen. Washington rode up to me and said, "Ben, do stop! you're doing 'em bad!" I touched my hat to the General and said, "Well, General, if you say so, I'll cease fire, but I think I ought to kill a few more of the scoundrels." With that, the General sprang from his horse, and throwing his arms around me, exclaimed, "Ben, don't call me General—call me George!"

Demise of a Mummy.

An honest footman, anxious to explore the wonders of a one-horse museum, obtained a special holiday a short time since. Accordingly, taking with him a couple of lady friends, he presented himself at the door for admission.

"No admittance to-day, sir," said the keeper. "No admittance to-day but I must come in—I have a holiday on purpose!"

"No, matter, this is a close day, and the museum is shut."

"What?" said John, "ain't this public property?"

"Certainly it is."

"Well, then, I will go in."

A ticket seller who overheard the dialogue, guessing his customer's calibre, stepped forward, saying politely,

"I am very sorry, sir, but there's a funeral to-day. One of the mummies died two days ago, and we're going to bury him!"

"O, ah! very well; in that case we certainly won't intrude," said John, retiring with all possible decorum.

Phonetic.

A friend of ours has a doctor, of the "root and herb" order, in whom he has great confidence, although the medico is rather illiterate. The other day his son, having a bad cold, got a written prescription from the physician, which the father brought to us. It ran as follows:

"Putches feet in hot wotter, gotobed and drink a pint of loot."

"I can make out the first part well enough," he said. "Put your feet in hot water, go to bed, and drink a pint—that is plain enough. But what is *loot*?"

We were embarrassed at first, but a happy inspiration struck us. L—oo—t—ell—double o—tee—elder blow tea. And that turned out to be the explanation.

PRINTER'S ERRORS.—A lad in a printing office, who knew more about type-setting than he did of the Greek mythology, in looking over a poem they were printing, came upon the name of *Hecate*, one of the lady divinities of the lower world, occurring in a line like this: "She shall reign *Hecate* of the deepest Hell." The boy, thinking he had discovered an error, ran to the master printer, and inquired eagerly whether there was an *E* in *cate*. "Why, no, you block-head," was the reply. Away went the boy to the press room and extracted the objectionable letter. But fancy the horror of both poet and publisher when the poem appeared with the line "She shall reign the *He Cat* of the deepest Hell."

LAVITY.—Punch illustrates "unbecoming levity" by presenting a wood cut of the scene in a church wherein a crowd of spectators are awaiting the arrival of a wedding party. To the scene is appended this dialogue by way of a glossary.—"Fair Young Lady"—"I see some one in the crowd outside waving a handkerchief. I suppose the bride is approaching." "Light Young Man"—"Handkerchief? White one? By Jove, perhaps it's a reprieve!"

A lady complained of the insolence of some coal-heavers. "To tell you the truth, ma'am," answered the employer, apologetically, "we have failed in our efforts to get gentlemen to undertake the business."



LITTLE RONNIE (after a "game" struggle, evidently overweighted)—"Oh, please, help up with this linne up to mother's—"

AWFUL SWELL (aghast)—"Eh! oh, ridiculous—how can I?—Look here, I've got a bag—heavy bag—to carry myself!"

LITTLE RONNIE—"I'll carry your bag, sir."

SWELL—"Eh—but (the gain time) wh—what's your mother's absurd name?"

[This did not help him much. There was no escape; and ultimately—but we draw a veil over the humiliating sequel.

HEART'N-EASE.

A simple flower for such a magic name. The leaves of royal purple, matched with yellow;

Yielding no perfume, humbled, hardy, wild, Yet with a fame not Amaranth can fellow.

No opiate sleep is treasured in its stem, No precious balsam with enchanted powers; It bears no scents of Elen in its buds, Nor gathers hues from rainbow colored showers,

It lends no brighter glory to the spring; It casts no solace o'er the winter snow; But all unheeded 'mid the stately growths, It triple blossoms innocently grow.

That gives it value, which its name implies. Dives would pour his gold in streaming floods To buy a leaflet, and one-half the world Would lifelong search for it through fields and woods.

AGRICULTURAL.

Cosmo's Column.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

FROST AND FRUIT.

Probably the greater portion of the peaches in Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Delaware and Maryland have again been destroyed. On the night of Friday, May 13, a severe frost, extending over a large portion of the territory named occurred, not only covering all exposed surfaces with its white mantle, but in many localities forming ice the thickness of ordinary window glass. This single visitation would have been of itself sufficient to insure the death of peaches generally; but to make sure and speedy the destruction, two more frosts followed, not nearly so severe as the first one, but singularly occurring in a good many places where it did not, thus making the ruin of the peach crop general.

But it is not peaches alone that have suffered from these untimely sharp frost bites. Setting out on the sixth inst. on a tour of observation and investigation, continuing our "cruise" during eight consecutive days, mostly through the fruit districts of South and West Jersey and Delaware, we found personally very many instances in which all early "truck" not absolutely frost proof was utterly ruined. A great deal of early corn, potatoes, cucumbers, &c., has been entirely cut off by the three May frosts.

On the grounds of Thomas Richards, Esq., at Atco, Camden county, N. J., eighteen miles southeast from Philadelphia, the soil being a rich, warm, sandy loam, with full exposure to the sun, we saw corn, potatoes and early vines cut down to the ground, as if scorched by fire. There was a long line of what had been unusually forward cucumber vines, every plant of which was killed, notwithstanding the precaution had been taken to protect by covering them with empy flour barrels.

On trees growing near considerable streams of water, and those in close proximity to the shores of the great bays and their estuaries, the peaches have been but little injured, while in all instances where the trees are from one to two miles removed from the protecting influence of a considerable body of water, the destruction has been general. Our other large fruits, as apples, pears and plums, coming later into bloom, have escaped injury. So have the cherries and all the small fruits which were just beginning to come into bloom at the date of the first killing frost. All these, and especially strawberries, promise to be an unusually abundant crop.

As peaches are so universally popular, and of late years have been made so precarious a crop by the occurrence of late spring frosts, something better than the present peach tree practice must be resorted to in order to maintain a needful supply; and as we cannot control the weather, our attention must be directed towards controlling the blooming and bearing seasons of the trees themselves. Can this be done? We believe so—at least so far as to insure a fair crop of fruit every year, in spite of spring frosts. A specimen of peach practice in which we participated a good many years ago may be adduced in evidence.

but if either have got three inches above ground and unfolded their first leaves, and are then bitten by frost so that they turn red or black, their condition may be considered hopeless, and it is better to replant even as late as the tenth of June than to leave plants frost-bitten the fifteenth of May with the hope of their coming to profitable account. No dependence should ever be placed upon tomatoes, egg plants, peppers, cucumbers, or any of the field or garden vines in the least touched by frost. Replanting is the only reliable remedy.

TOP DRESSING.

We are not going to take sides either way in the discussion that just now promises to be indeterminable upon the merits of surface manuring, "top dressing," as it is popularly termed, as a universal principle. But we respectfully submit to practical farmers our opinion that in frequent instances top dressing, with special fertilizers, is of vital importance. For instance, in meadows which have been mown for several consecutive years, the sod becomes close, and the roots of the grass plants crowded, compressed and deprived of half their vitality. Scarify the surface with a harrow, or some implement of the same principle of action, in the spring, and top dress with wood ashes, plaster and some reliable phosphate in equal parts, say four hundred pounds to the acre. For corn, beans, sorghum, turnips, cabbages, and almost all garden vegetables, especially cucumbers, squashes and melons, a top dressing of wood ashes, fine bone dust and pulverized chicken guano, composted in equal parts and applied, say twice during the early stages of growth, will be of more than twice the practical utility that double the quantity would be scattered broadcast over the entire surface before planting and ploughed in. An average quantity of such a compost, taking all soils and plants, should probably be about a tablespoonful to each plant.

GATHERED GRAINS.

Buffalonians are paying thirty cents per pound for best butter, and sixteen cents per dozen for new laid eggs. Philadelphia 75 cents for butter, and 30 cents for chickens in the shell.

Much damage done to the low lands along the Delaware, Schuylkill and Susquehanna by the late frosts from May 7th to 12th.

There will be more white potatoes planted in Pennsylvania this year than ever before—in New Jersey, nearly twice as many sweet potatoes. The quantity of crop to be decided by the season.

Iowa has more undeveloped agricultural resources than any other State of equal area in the Union, and more agricultural enterprise to develop them.

In three years from date, Vineland, in West Jersey, will produce more and better fruit than any other ten miles of territory in America. Vinelanders have the requisite soil, climate, enterprise and means to fulfil this prophecy.

On the gulf side of Florida one may have first-rate beef for seven cents per pound, fine sweet potatoes for thirty cents a bushel, green peas for ten cents a peck, huckleberries two cents a quart, and good fish—a wheelbarrow load for the hooking.

RECIPIES.

QUARTER OF LAMB ROASTED AND LARDED—Lard the upper side of a fore quarter of lamb with lean bacon, and thickly sprinkle the other side with bread crumb. Cover the meat with paper so that it should not be burnt, and roast it in a foot at the bottom, then level with soil, and between the drains four feet deep, the drains twenty feet apart, filled in with loose stone a foot at the bottom, then level with soil, and between the drains the peach trees, removed from their scattered stations, were planted in rooms pits well supplied with woods mould, ashes and well rotted chip manure from the wood yard. The trees were set fully two feet below the surface, and during the winter and spring were mulched eight or ten inches deep, so far as the roots extended, with refuse straw and barn yard litter.

The winter that followed was an uncommon severe one; in the spring the peach trees of all the neighbors were in full bloom ten or twelve days before a blossom had opened on one of our transplanted trees—the roots were down deep under all that mulching and covering of soil, that the sun had not so soon warmed them into sap circulating energy. Two or three sharp frosts destroyed all the peaches in the neighborhood, but our trees came out in due time in full bloom, and bore that season a larger crop of fruit than they had ever done, ripening very nearly as early as had been their habit before they were transplanted.

So we set to work, Uncle Ben, two hired men, a pair of strong oxen, a plough, and the "boy," and in three days' time there was a bit of ground sloping to the southeast drained four feet deep, the drains twenty feet apart, filled in with loose stone a foot at the bottom, then level with soil, and between the drains the peach trees, removed from their scattered stations, were planted in rooms pits well supplied with woods mould, ashes and well rotted chip manure from the wood yard.

The trees were set fully two feet below the surface, and during the winter and spring were mulched eight or ten inches deep, so far as the roots extended, with refuse straw and barn yard litter.

CURRENT WINE.—Let the currants be fully ripe, and gather them on a dry day. Strip them from the stalks, put them in a large pan, bruise and mash them, and let them stand twenty-four hours. Strain off the juice, and to every gallon of it add a gallon of water, but previously wash the currants with some of the water (used warm, not hot) until no goodness remains in them. To every gallon of this liquor allow 4 lbs. of sugar, put all into an open two or pan, and while it is yet milk-warm set it to work with yeast spread on a toast, allowing a dessert spoonful, good measure, to every gallon. Cover it with a cloth, stir it every day for three or four days, and then skim it quite clean and put it into the cask. It will continue to work for some days after it is in the cask: as it works over, fill up at the bung-hole with a little of the liquor reserved for this purpose. Some persons fill up with brandy, which stops the working sooner. When the fermentation begins to decrease, cover the bung-hole with a piece of glass, which must be wiped clean whenever the cask is filled up. Take especial care that no scum settles round the bung-hole, as that returns to the wine, and prevents its flowing. Stop down close as soon as convenient, and if the bung pops out let the wine work a day longer, and stop it down again, and so on until fermentation ceases; the bung must not be knocked down very tight without this previous trial. Most wine is best if it remains in the cask a year, when it may be tapped and bottled.

EMMA W.

NICE CAKE FOR BREAKFAST.—Save a piece of dough from the last kneading of the bread; set it away down cellar, and let it be rolled out and baked on the griddle; when breakfast is prepared, or tea, serve hot.

CROWN PUDDING.—The yolks and whites of three eggs beaten separately, one ounce moist sugar, and sufficient bread crumbs to make it into a thick but not stiff mixture; a little powdered cinnamon. Beat all together for five minutes, and bake in a buttered tin. When baked, turn it out of the tin, pour two glasses of boiling wine over it, and serve. Cherries, either fresh or preserved, are very nice mixed in the pudding.

Answer to W. H. Morrow's PROBLEM of March 23rd— $\frac{1}{2}$ acres. W. H. Morrow; Lewis Lebus; W. F. L. Sanders; W. H. Sander; John A. Topp; J. M. Greenwood; Esther Doerner; W. J. Barrett. $\frac{7}{5}$ acres—Abbie Inglesby.

Answer to H. Kobel's PROBLEM of same date—When paid immediate cash down before the term commences, 9 years (nearly). But when not paid until after the term, only six years, 2 months, and 24 days (nearly); consequently 2 years, 9 months, 6 days less than before the term. Daniel Diefenbach. If he pays \$2,132.34 cash down, he can stay 7 years, 371 days. If he pays the same amount at the end of such term, when the sum of the rent and compound interest amount to \$2,132.34, then he can stay 6 years, 271 days. W. J. Barrett.

Answer to Artemas Martin's PROBLEM of March 23rd—the probability the three lines will form an acute triangle is $\frac{1}{3}$. J. M. Greenwood.

Answer to W. H. Morrow's PROBLEM, of March 30th—A had travelled 300, and B 250 miles.—W. H. Morrow; J. M. Greenwood; W. F. L. Sanders; C. T. Lindsey; J. B. Sanders; J. S. Phoebe; and W. H. Sander. A 220.5-19 miles, B 170.8-19 miles.—W. J. Barrett. $\frac{8}{3}$ miles—C. E. Willmott.

The man that forgets a good deal that has happened has a better memory than who remembers a great deal that never happened.

If a man uses a corkscrew too often at a sitting, his movements are likely to become as crooked as the instrument.

THE RIDDLER.

Enigma.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 61 letters.

My 60, 23, 3, 21, 42, 15, 54, 33, 52, 5, 17, 61, is the title of a story published in the Post.

My 4, 29, 53, 33, 7, 49, 49, 10, 30, 21, is a column in the Post.

My 37, 21, 54, 23, 6, 39, 19, 32, 49, makes problems for the Post.

My 18, 13, 16, 52, 9, is a character in the T. O. D. story in the Post.

My 23, 46, 58, 24, 31, 12, 25, can be found in the Post.